
 * 1910 population1303
 * Gain 55 1/2 per cent.....723
 * 1920 population2026

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

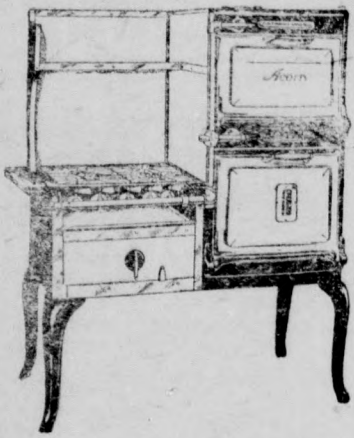
 * News subscriptions are pay-
 * able in advance. The paper is
 * stopped when time is out.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1920.

VOL. 14, NO. 45

GAS RANGES



AT LESS
 THAN
 CITY
 PRICES

WE CLOSE SATURDAYS AT 12 O'CLOCK

It is Cheaper to
 Paint than to Repair

31-35
 West Central

**Sierra Madre
 Hardware Co.**

Refreshing New Music for Summer Weather

Music that will make you forget all about how warm it is. Tan-
 talizing dance music, too, that is irresistible no matter what the
 weather. Listed below are a few of the newest favorites:

- 18671 Marion (You'll Soon Be Marryin' Me) Grant-Billy Murray
 Who'll Take the Place of Mary? Crescent Trio..... 85c
- 18672 The Moon Shines On the Moonshine. Sidney Phillips
 So Long! So Long! Victor Roberts..... 85c
- 18673 Oriental Stars—One Step. Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
 Alexander—Fox Trot. Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra..... 85c
- 18670 My Sahara Rose. Victor Roberts.
 Oh How I Laugh When I Think How I Cried About You.....85c
- 18669 Wild Flower Waltz—Frank Ferrara—Anthony Franchini.
 Alabama Moon—Waltz (Hawaiian Trio)..... 85c
- 18668 When the Harvest Moon Is Shining—Chas. Hart-Lewis James
 Mother's Hand—Henry Burr..... 85c
- 18661 Whose Baby Are You?—Medley One Step—Jos. C. Smith's Or.
 Left All Alone Again Blues—Fox Trot—Jos. C. Smith Or. 85c

SEVERAL OTHER GOOD ONES

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Phoenix Silk Hose

JUST RECEIVED BY EXPRESS A
 SHIPMENT OF PHOENIX SILK
 HOSE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.
 Colors are black, white and cordovan,
 the standard price everywhere.....

\$2.60

MEN'S PHOENIX SILK HOSE IN
 BLACK AND WHITE, Splendid pure
 silk thread.....

\$1.15

NEW LOT OF BUNGALOW APRONS TODAY

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Phone Black 85 STANDARD PATTERNS. WARNER CORSETS

SHALL STREET LIGHTS FAIL?

WILL THE BIG HEARTED PEOP-
 LE OF SIERRA MADRE BACK
 UP THEIR WORDS WITH
 COLD CASH?

Ornamental Lights for the Business
 District Will Benefit the Whole
 Town in Reputation.

Subscription to Street Lights
 Robert Mitchell \$25.00.
 Dr. M. H. Goodenow, \$25.00.
 E. C. Newton, \$25.00.
 Dr. Wm. C. Upjohn, \$25.00.
 Sierra Madre Tel. & Tel. Co., \$25.00
 Otis Lockhart, \$15.00.
 George Hope, \$10.00.
 Mrs. Frank Royer, \$5.00.
 A. M. Udell, \$5.00.
 Geo. P. Ray, \$5.00.
 Lydia M. Webster, \$5.00.
 E. H. Freeman, \$2.00.
 Total, \$172.00.

The News under the present man-
 agement has never appealed to the
 hearts or patriotism of its readers in
 vain. Patriotic drives, appeals for
 humanity and local charity have
 "gone over the top" with a whoop,
 and now we appeal to your love of
 home, your civic pride, to help this
 local improvement.

As previously stated, the ornamental
 street lights for the business sec-
 tion will benefit the whole community.
 The business men and property own-
 ers have practically financed their
 share (75%) of the cost. It was
 planned and hoped that the city would
 supply the remaining 25 per cent, but
 the city treasury has no funds avail-
 able for that purpose, so the News is
 asking, desperately urging, the peo-
 ple to do.

Last Friday we published thirteen
 letters from representative citizens
 endorsing the project and urging its
 completion. We considered the day
 and the number of our lucky sign and
 confidently expected that the full
 amount, a little over \$500, would be
 subscribed this week.

A glance of the list of subscribers
 above will show that there are five
 subscriptions of \$25 each, but we
 want you to know that these were
 personally solicited by the writer and
 if we missed any \$25 prospects it was
 because of lack of time to visit per-
 sonally the whole town and their con-
 tributions will be thankfully received
 by phone or at this office.

Now, dear reader, just suppose we
 had not obtained those \$25 subscrip-
 tions, and that they had neglected to

contribute just as you have, wouldn't
 the list, without them, look like a
 mighty poor showing for the people of
 Sierra Madre? Be assured of this
 fact—the lights are going in and the
 expense is going to be financed even
 if it is necessary to make a personal
 canvass of every home in town, but
 won't you save us this personal effort
 by bringing or telephoning your con-
 tribution to The News office? We
 know there are hundreds of people
 who would contribute if we rang the
 door bell and personally asked for it.
 We know there are a great number of
 people who have already made up
 their minds to contribute, but have
 just put it off. Won't you do it now
 and help finance this public improve-
 ment project quickly and save per-
 haps \$300 on cost of construction and
 material?

Notice has been sent to dealers in
 electrical supplies of a raise in price
 to take effect Sept. 1, and freight
 rates also will advance on the same
 date. If the material is bought and
 shipped before the first of next month
 the saving in the cost of the orna-
 mental street lighting system will, it
 is estimated by an electrical contrac-
 tor, be about \$300—and that's why
 we are in such a hurry to finance the
 proposition so the contract may be let
 and purchases made this month. Will
 you help? All right, then, help NOW.
 Go to the phone right NOW and call
 The News office, Black 42, and tell
 us how much.

NOTICE FOR BIDS ON STREET LIGHTS

The street light committee will re-
 ceive bids on material and construc-
 tion of twelve ornamental street
 lights for the business portion of the
 city of Sierra Madre up to 6 p. m. on
 Saturday, Aug. 21, 1920. Plans and
 specifications may be obtained at the
 office of the Sierra Madre News; each
 bid to be accompanied by a certified
 check for \$200, which will be return-
 ed to unsuccessful bidders at once,
 and to successful bidder on comple-
 tion of job.

J. F. WHITING,
 Chairman Committee.

WILL RAISE COTTON

Stafford Sadler has decided to be-
 come a cotton farmer and to properly
 prepare himself for the business
 left for Bakersfield the first of the
 week to work in a cotton gin, as well
 as in the field. Next year he expects
 to raise a crop for himself.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HAS GOOD MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of
 the Chamber of Commerce last Mon-
 day night was well attended, all seats
 being occupied and several members
 standing. This is the usual condition
 now and the chamber can at once pro-
 ceed to business instead of telephon-
 ing for two or three additional mem-
 bers to come to make a quorum, as
 has frequently been the case in the
 past.

Instead of a formal installation of
 new officers, retiring president Alley
 explained that a speaker must catch
 the next car for Los Angeles, and to
 gain time he simply handed the gavel
 to President Hawks and the transfer
 was effected.

Mr. A. O. Smith, G. P. A., of the
 Pacific Electric railway was intro-
 duced and spoke for forty minutes
 explaining the proposed terminal sys-
 tem in Los Angeles and how it would
 benefit Sierra Madre. At the con-
 clusion of his speech the secretary
 proposed to Mr. Smith that his com-
 pany provide a public comfort station
 and the plan was received favorably
 by the general passenger agent, who
 invited a committee to confer with
 him at an early date.

W. W. Felgate was appointed a
 committee of one to proceed with the
 beautifying of the city lot, by provid-
 ing a watering system and planting
 grass seed.

By vote the directors were instruct-
 ed to endeavor to secure a commercial
 secretary for such time as funds on
 hand warrant.

There was a lively discussion on
 the question of employing a profes-
 sional secretary and there are many
 reasonable arguments on each side.
 In the first place many members were
 solicited to join the Chamber on the
 express stipulation that the money
 was to be used in engaging a paid
 secretary and the affirmative side, led
 by Dean Shaw, points out that there
 is a moral obligation to spend the
 money in that way. A commercial
 secretary is a special trained expert
 on "town building" and there is no
 doubt that a capable, tactful man who
 is a stranger to the community might
 accomplish more in harmonizing the
 various factions than a local person.

On the other hand, it is pointed
 out that Sierra Madre is peculiarly
 situated in that it has no surrounding
 agricultural territory from which to
 draw, and that the location and trans-
 portation facilities are not advan-
 tagious for factories or other indus-

trial concerns. In fact, Sierra Madre
 has not much to offer except homes
 and health. Therefore, what could a
 secretary accomplish that would jus-
 tify an expenditure of \$50 or \$75 a
 week and show a profit on the invest-
 ment. Could \$1500 be used to better
 advantage on local improvements and
 in advertising the city in our own
 way. One member pertinently asks,
 "What would Sierra Madre do with
 one hundred families if the paid sec-
 retary should bring them here to-
 day?"

The question was not decided, but
 the directors were instructed to en-
 deavor to find a capable man who
 would consent to serve for a short
 time—a proposition that would hardly
 appear attractive to a high class sec-
 retary, who engages his services by
 the year.

The interest manifested by the
 members and the large attendance at
 the meetings augurs well for the good
 results to be accomplished for Sierra
 Madre. The membership now num-
 bers 126, a full list of same will be
 found on the last page. If you are a
 member look and see if your name is
 there and report any errors. If your
 name is not in the list it will be a part
 of good citizenship to arrange with
 the secretary to have it enrolled.

EVEN WILD DEER ARE ATTRACTED

Evidently wishing to confirm ru-
 mors of the activity of Sierra Madre,
 or possibly wishing to read the names
 of street light contributors on The
 News bulletin board, three deer, a
 doe and two fawns, came down from
 the mountains Wednesday night and
 roamed the streets until after day-
 light, when they became separated
 and the mother deer lingered in a
 frantic effort to collect her little fam-
 ily.

At about 7:30 Thursday morning
 she gave it up as hopeless and fled
 up North Hermosa through Blumer's
 lemon orchard and past the Fennel
 residence to the mountains. One of
 the fawns was seen galloping in the
 same direction and presumably gained
 its mountain home, but its little brother,
 less fortunate, was brought
 down, on North Lima street, by a couple
 of dogs and only rescued as it
 was dying. The carcass was brought
 to the fire engine house where it lay
 until instructions came from the game
 warden as to its disposal.

A wanted will sell it. Try it.

WOMAN'S CLUB FETE A SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR

The garden party, given on the
 beautiful grounds of the E. C. New-
 ton home, last Friday evening, was a
 delightfully pleasant event to the cit-
 izens of Sierra Madre, coming as it
 did on a lovely moonlight night when
 the weather was warm and the air
 balmy.

Hundreds of people were present,
 roaming at pleasure over the garden,
 which were effectively illuminated by
 various colored lanterns.

Mrs. Howard, chairman of the re-
 freshment booth, with a score of able
 assistants, were kept busy dispensing
 ice cream and cake. A short program
 arranged by Mrs. J. Milton Stein-
 berger, was presented by a few tal-
 ented Sierra Madrans. "Secrets of
 the Heart" a scene from Austin Dob-
 son, was coily portrayed by Miss
 Gladys Walker, and Miss Kathryn
 Maull, both presenting a pretty pic-
 ture in their dainty becoming cos-
 tumes.

"Goodnight, Babbette," also from
 Austin Dobson, was effectively pre-
 sented by Miss Ermina Scarvala and
 T. Henderson. This very touching
 scene was most creditably presented
 and thoroughly appreciated.

Miss Hope Knapp of Alhambra,
 whose talent and beauty as a dancer
 has many times delighted Sierra Mad-
 re audiences, appeared nymph-like
 among the shrubbery, in her beauti-
 ful fountain dance, but on account of
 the inadequacy of the orchestra, was
 not permitted by the chairman of the
 program, to continue her dance, much
 to the chagrin of the eagerly expect-
 ant audience.

Following the program cards and
 dancing were indulged in until a late
 hour. The kindness of Mr. and Mrs.
 Newton, in offering their gardens for
 this festive occasion, is much appre-
 ciated by the ladies who had the af-
 fair in charge and also by all who
 attended.

On Friday evening, Aug 6, the Wo-
 man's club will give an informal dance
 at the club house. Those in the hab-
 it of attending these dances need no
 further invitation.

POSTMASTER BOOSTS

If the census of Sierra Madre were
 to be taken now there is good reason
 to believe that the figures would be
 larger than those recorded last win-
 ter and officially reported last week
 as 2026. During the early part of the
 winter the town was well filled with

tourists or transients who were not
 recorder in the census of Sierra Mad-
 re. Since then there has been a record
 number of property sales. In
 most cases these have brought new
 families to town as permanent resi-
 dents. Many of these occupy houses
 that were formerly rented to transi-
 ents.

Postoffice receipts furnish further
 support to the argument for increased
 population now as compared to last
 winter. For the first time in the history
 of the office, according to Post-
 master Morridge, the receipts for the
 second quarter of the calendar
 year exceeded those of the first quar-
 ter. The falling off in business which
 has usually followed the departure of
 the winter tourist population has been
 reversed this year.

That the recent increase is real and
 substantial is indicated by a compar-
 ison also with last year's business.
 The net postal receipts during the
 first six months of 1920 were more
 than 30 per cent greater than during
 the first six months of 1919, which
 up to that time was the greatest in
 the history of the office for the first
 half year.

HEALTH RESORT

Mr. A. B. Childs of San Bernardino
 has acquired a lease for five years of
 the El Reposo ranch. Mr. Childs and
 family have taken possession and are
 now in residence on the property.

Prince John David de Windsor re-
 tains the main building and bungal-
 ows, and is engaged in making re-
 pairs preparatory to opening the
 place as Mountain Springs and Cli-
 matic Health Station, under the name
 of Windsor Manor.

REAL ESTATE FIRMS CHANGE LOCATION

The building on North Baldwin ave-
 nue formerly occupied by A. N. Adams
 as a real estate office has been
 moved away and the owner of the lot,
 William Walker, is fixing up an of-
 fice building for his real estate busi-
 ness. T. M. Webster has the contract
 and promised "a thing of beauty and
 a joy forever." Mr. Adams has
 moved two doors south.

ATTENDED C. E. CONVENTION

John G. Cox was a delegate to the
 Christian Endeavor state convention
 at Long Beach last week, returning
 home Sunday.

"Head-Light vs. "Fire-Box"

A MESSAGE FROM SHAILER MATTHEWS:

Never mistake the "headlight" for the "firebox!" Don't trust mere
 social "headlights" or brilliant theories. Religion alone has power to
 produce forcible fruitful lives. The Church of Jesus Christ gives
 spiritual driving-power to moral ideas. It is the firebox of Dem-
 ocracy.

THEREFORE:

Attend Church on Sunday

Morning Subject (11:00 a. m.)—"The Secret of Optimism."
 Evening Subject (7:30 p. m.)—"The Efficient Life."

COME

First Congregational Church

REV. W. J. THOMPSON, MINISTER

Phone: Green 36.

129 West Central Ave.

ZEROLENE LUBRICATING OIL

We are prepared to make instant
 delivery of this celebrated oil in 15-
 gallon drums, equipped with faucet
 and stand. One of these convenient
 outfits may be seen in our display
 window. Free delivery to your home

Our repair department is fully
 equipped with the most modern ma-
 chinery and highest class skilled la-
 bor. Bring your work to us and en-
 joy that feeling of confidence and sat-
 isfaction experienced by our patrons.

SIERRA MADRE GARAGE

Milton Steinberger, Prop.



Painting the Floors
 is Important

THE SELECTION OF THE COLOR

is a mere matter of taste, but the
 selection of the grade and brand of
 PAINT you are going to put on your
 floor is a matter of vital importance

CHEAP PAINT WILL PROVE
 COSTLY IN THE END



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FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS

Phone : Main 136

87 West Central

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

"SOMETHING NICE—"

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-year-old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despairing, but Bryce is full of fight. Bryce finds a burl redwood felled across his mother's grave. He goes to dinner at Pennington's on Shirley's invitation and finds the dining room paneled with burl from the tree. In a diplomatic way, unperceived by Shirley, the two men declare war. Pennington refuses to renew his logging contract with the Cardigans, believing his action means bankruptcy for the latter. Bryce forces Redwood to confess he felled the tree in the Valley of the Giants, at Pennington's order. After punishing the man Bryce hurls him at Colonel Pennington, who has tried to foul him in the fight. Pennington is humiliated, and the girl, indignant, orders Bryce to leave and forget their friendship. He leaves, but refuses to accept dismissal. Returning to Sequoia, the logging train on which Shirley and her uncle and Bryce are traveling breaks away from the locomotive, and Bryce, who could have escaped, at the risk of his life cuts out the caboose and saves them from certain death, being painfully injured in doing so. Shirley tries to put their friendship back on its old basis, but Bryce tells her he intends to smash her uncle at all costs. So it's all off again between them. Bryce renews acquaintance with Moira McTavish, daughter of his woods-boss.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"I think so, Mr. Bryce. I copied it from Colonel Pennington's niece, Miss Sumner."

"Oh," he replied briefly. "You've met her, have you? I didn't know she was in Sequoia still."

"She's been away, but she came back last week. I went to the Valley of the Giants last Saturday afternoon."

Bryce interrupted. "You didn't tell my father about the tree that was cut, did you?" he demanded sharply.

"No."

"Good girl! He mustn't know. Go on, Moira. What was she doing in our timber?"

"She told me that once, when she was a little girl, you had taken her for a ride on your pony up to your mother's grave. And it seems she had a great curiosity to see that spot again."

"I've met Miss Sumner three or four times. That was when she first came to Sequoia. She's a stunning girl, isn't she?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Bryce. She's the first lady I've ever met. She's different."

"No doubt! Her kind are not a product of homely little communities like Sequoia. And for that matter, neither is her wolf of an uncle. What did Miss Sumner have to say to you, Moira?"

"She told me all about herself—and she said a lot of nice things about you, Mr. Bryce, after I told her I worked for you. And she insisted that I should walk home with her. So I did—and the butler served us with tea and toast and marmalade. Then she showed me all her wonderful things—and gave me some of them. Oh, Mr. Bryce, she's so sweet."

"I can see that you and Miss Sumner evidently hit it off just right with each other. Are you going to call on her again?"

"Oh, yes! She begged me to. She says she's lonesome."

"I dare say she is, Moira. I'm glad you've gotten to know each other. I've no doubt you find life a little lonely sometimes."

"Sometimes, Mr. Bryce."

"How's my father?"

"Splendid. I've taken good care of him for you."

"Moira, you're a sweetheart of a girl. I don't know how we ever managed to wiggle along without you."

"Paternalism—almost paternally—he gave her radiant cheek three light little pats as he strode past her to the private office. He was in a hurry to get to his desk, upon which he could see through the open door a pile of letters and orders, and a moment later he was deep in a perusal of them, oblivious to the fact that ever and anon the girl turned upon him her brooding, Madonna-like glance.

That night Bryce and his father, as was their custom after dinner, repaired to the library where the

bustling and motherly Mrs. Tully served their coffee. John Cardigan opened the conversation with a contented grunt:

"I believe you have something on your mind."

Bryce clipped a cigar and held a lighted match while his father "smoked up." Then he slipped into the easy chair beside the old man.

"Well, John Cardigan," he began eagerly, "fate ripped a big hole in our dark cloud the other day and showed me some of the silver lining. I've been making bad medicine for Colonel Pennington."

"What's in the wind, boy?"

"We're going to parallel Pennington's logging road."

"Inasmuch as that will cost close to three-quarters of a million dollars, I'm



"We're Going to Parallel Pennington's Logging Road."

of the opinion that we're not going to do anything of the sort."

"Perhaps. Nevertheless, if I can demonstrate to a certain party that it will not cost more than three-quarters of a million, he'll loan me the money."

The old man shook his head. "I don't believe it, Bryce. Who's the crazy man?"

"His name is Gregory. He's Scotch."

"Now I know he's crazy. When he hands you the money, you'll find he's talking real money but thinking of Confederate greenbacks."

Bryce laughed. "Pal," he declared, "if you and I have any brains, they must roll around in our skulls like buckshot in a tin pan. Listen, now, with all your ears. When Bill Henderson wanted to build the logging railroad which he afterward sold to Pennington, and which Pennington is now using as a club to beat our brains out, did he have the money to build it?"

"No. I loaned it to him."

"How did he pay you back?"

"Why, he gave me a ten-year contract for hauling our logs at a dollar and a half a thousand feet, and I merely credited his account with the amount of the freight bills he sent me until he'd squared up the loan, principal and interest."

"Well, if Bill Henderson financed himself on that plan, why didn't we think of using the same time-honored plan for financing a road to parallel Pennington's?"

John Cardigan sat up with a jerk. "By thunder!" he murmured. That was as close as he ever came to uttering an oath.

"All right, John Cardigan. I forgive you. Now, then, continue to listen: To the north of that great block of timber held by you and Pennington lie the redwood holdings of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

"Never heard of them before."

"Well, timber away in there in back of beyond has never been well advertised, because it is regarded as practically inaccessible. You will remember that some ten years ago a company was incorporated with the idea of building a railroad from Grant's Pass, Ore., on the line of the Southern Pacific, down the Oregon and California coast to tap the redwood belt."

"I remember. There was a big whoop and hurrah and then the proposition died abominably. The engineers found that the cost of construction through that mountainous country was prohibitive."

"Well, before the project died, Gregory and his associates believed that it was going to survive. They quietly gathered together thirty thousand acres of good stuff and then sat down to wait for the railroad. And they are still waiting. Gregory, by the way, is the president of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company. He's an Edinburgh man, and the fly American promoters got him to put up the price of the timber and then mortgaged their interests to him as security for the advance. He foreclosed on their notes five years ago."

"And there he is with his useless timber!" John Cardigan murmured thoughtfully. "The poor Scotch sucker!"

"He isn't poor. The purchase of that timber didn't even dent his bank roll. But he would like to sell his timber, and being Scotch, naturally he desires to sell it at a profit. In order to create a market for it, however, he has to have an outlet to that market. We supply the outlet—with his help; and what happens? Why, timber that cost him fifty and seventy-five cents per thousand feet stumpage—and the actual timber will overrun the cruiser's estimate every time—will be worth two dollars and fifty cents—perhaps more."

"He loans us the money to build our road. We build it—on through our timber and into his. The collateral security which we put up will be a twenty-five-year contract to haul his logs to tidewater on Humboldt bay, at a base freight rate of one dollar and fifty cents, with an increase of twenty-five cents per thousand every five years thereafter, and an option for a renewal of the contract upon expiration, at the rate of freight last paid. In addition we sell him, at a reasonable figure, sufficient land fronting on tidewater to enable him to erect a sawmill, lay out his yards, and build a dock out into the deep water."

"Thus Gregory will have that which he hasn't got now—an outlet to his market by water; and when the railroad to Sequoia builds in from the south, it will connect with the road which we have built from Sequoia up into Township nine to the north; hence Gregory will also have an outlet to his market by rail. He can easily get a good manager to run his lumber business until he finds a customer for it, and in the meantime we will be charging his account with our freight bills against him and gradually pay off the loan without pinching ourselves."

John Cardigan's old hand came gropingly forth and rested affectionately upon his boy's. "You forget, my son, that we cannot last in business long enough to get that road built, even though Gregory should agree to finance the building of it. The interest on our bonded indebtedness is payable on the first—"

"We can meet it, sir."

"Aye, but we can't meet the fifty thousand dollars which, under the terms of our deed of trust, we are required to pay in on July first of each year as a sinking fund toward the retirement of our bonds. Bryce, it just can't be done. We'd have our road about half completed when we'd bust up in business; indeed, the minute Pennington suspected we were paralleling his line, he'd choke off our wind. I tell you it can't be done."

But Bryce contradicted him earnestly. "It can be done," he said. "If we can start building our road and have it half completed before Pennington jumps on us, Gregory will simply have to come to our aid in self-defense. Once he ties up with us, he's committed to the task of seeing us through. I can do it, I tell you."

John Cardigan raised his hand. "No," he said firmly, "I will not allow you to do this. That way—that is the Pennington method. If we fail, my son, we pass out like gentlemen, not blackguards. We will not take advantage of this man Gregory's faith. If he joins forces with us, we lay our hand on the table and let him look."

"Then he'll never join hands with us, partner. We're done."

"We're not done, my son. We have one alternative, and I'm going to take it. I've got to—for your sake. Moreover, your mother would have wished it so."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. I'm going to sell Pennington my Valley of the Giants. It is my personal property, and it is not mortgaged. Pennington can never foreclose on it—and until he gets it, twenty-five hundred acres of virgin timber on Squaw creek are valueless—nay, a source of expense to him. Bryce, he has to have it; and he'll pay the price, when he knows I mean business."

With a sweeping gesture he waved aside the arguments that rose to his son's lips. "Lead me to the telephone," he commanded; and Bryce, recognizing his sire's unalterable determination, obeyed.

"Find Pennington's number in the telephone book," John Cardigan commanded next.

Bryce found it, and his father proceeded to get the Colonel on the wire. "Pennington," he said hoarsely, "this is John Cardigan speaking. I've decided to sell you that quarter-section that blocks your timber on Squaw creek."

"Indeed," the Colonel purred. "I had an idea you were going to present it to the city for a natural park."

"I've changed my mind. I've decided to sell at your last offer."

"I've changed my mind, too. I've decided not to buy—at my last offer. Good-night."

Slowly John Cardigan hung the re-

ceiver on the hook, turned and groped for his son. When he found him, the old man held him for a moment in his arms. "Lead me upstairs, son," he murmured presently. "I'm tired. I'm going to bed."

When Colonel Seth Pennington turned from the telephone and faced his niece, Shirley read his triumph in his face. "Old Cardigan has capitulated at last," he cried exultingly. "He just telephoned to say he'd accept my last offer for his Valley of the Giants."

"But you're not going to buy it. You told him so, Uncle Seth."

"Of course I'm not going to buy it. At my last offer. It's worth five thousand dollars in the open market, and once I offered him fifty thousand for it. Now I'll give him five."

"I wonder why he wants to sell," Shirley mused. "From what Bryce Cardigan told me once, his father attaches a sentimental value to that strip of woods; his wife is buried there."

"He's selling it because he's desperate. If he wasn't teetering on the verge of bankruptcy, he'd never let me outgame him," Pennington replied gayly. "I'll wait until he has gone bust—and save twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars."

"I think you're biting off your nose to spite your face, Uncle Seth. The Laguna Grande Lumber company needs that outlet. In dollars and cents, what is it worth to the company?"

"If I thought I couldn't get it from Cardigan a few months from now, I'd go as high as a hundred thousand for it tonight," he answered coolly.

"In that event, I advise you to take it for fifty thousand. It's terribly hard on old Mr. Cardigan to have to sell it, even at that price."

"You do not understand these matters, Shirley. Don't try. And don't waste your sympathy on that old humbug. He has to dig up fifty thousand dollars to pay on his bonded indebtedness, and he's finding it a difficult job. He's just sparring for time, but he'll lose out."

As if to indicate that he considered the matter closed, the Colonel drew his chair toward the fire, picked up a magazine, and commenced idly to slit the pages. Shirley studied the back of his head for some time, then got out some fancy work and commenced plying her needle. And as she pried it, a thought, nebulous at first, gradually took form in her head until eventually she murmured loud enough for the Colonel to hear:

"I'll do it."

"Do what?" Pennington queried.

"Something nice for somebody who did something nice for me," she answered.

About two o'clock the following afternoon old Judge Moore of the Superior court of Humboldt county, drifted into Bryce Cardigan's office, sat down uninvited, and lifted his long legs to the top of an adjacent chair.

"Well, Bryce, my boy," he began, "a little bird tells me your daddy is considering the sale of Cardigan's Redwoods, or the Valley of the Giants. How about it?"

Bryce stared at him a moment questioningly. "Yes, judge," he replied, "we'll sell, if we get our price."

"Well," his visitor drawled, "I have a client who might be persuaded. I'm here to talk turkey. What's your price?"

"Before we talk price," Bryce parried, "I want you to answer a question."

"Let her fly," said Judge Moore.

"Are you, directly or indirectly, acting for Colonel Pennington?"

"That's none of your business, young man—at least, it would be none of your business if I were, directly or indirectly, acting for that unconvinced thief. To the best of my information and belief, Colonel Pennington doesn't figure in this deal in any way, shape or manner; and as you know, I've been your daddy's friend for thirty years."

Still Bryce was not convinced, notwithstanding the fact that he would have staked his honor on the judge's veracity. Nobody knew better than he in what devious ways the Colonel worked, his wondrous to perform.

"Well," he said, "I can name you a price. I will state frankly, however, that I believe it to be over your head. We have several times refused to sell to Colonel Pennington for a hundred thousand dollars."



"The Lord Loveth a Quick Trader," He Declared.

directly, acting for that unconvinced thief. To the best of my information and belief, Colonel Pennington doesn't figure in this deal in any way, shape or manner; and as you know, I've been your daddy's friend for thirty years."

Still Bryce was not convinced, notwithstanding the fact that he would have staked his honor on the judge's veracity. Nobody knew better than he in what devious ways the Colonel worked, his wondrous to perform.

"Well," he said, "I can name you a price. I will state frankly, however, that I believe it to be over your head. We have several times refused to sell to Colonel Pennington for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Naturally that little dab of timber is worth more to Pennington than to anybody else. However, my client has given me instructions to go as high as a hundred thousand if necessary to get the property."

"What?"

"I said it. One hundred thousand dollars of the present standard weight and fineness."

Judge Moore's last statement swept away Bryce's suspicions. He required now no further evidence that, regardless of the identity of the judge's client, that client could not possibly be Col. Seth Pennington or anyone acting for him, since only the night before Pennington had curtly refused to buy the property for fifty thousand dollars. For a moment Bryce stared stupidly at his visitor. Then he recovered his wits.

"Sold!" he almost shouted, and after the fashion of the West extended his hand to clinch the bargain. The judge shook it solemnly. "The Lord loveth a quick trader," he declared. "Here's the deed already made out in favor of myself, as trustee." He winked knowingly.

"Client's a bit modest. I take it," Bryce suggested.

"Oh, very. Of course I'm only hazarding a guess, but that guess is that the Colonel is in for a razzooing at the hands of somebody with a small grouse against him."

"May the Lord strengthen that somebody's arm," Bryce breathed fervently. "If your client can afford to hold out long enough, he'll be able to buy Pennington's Squaw creek timber at a bargain."

"My understanding is that such is the program."

Bryce reached for the deed, then reached for his hat. "If you'll be good enough to wait here, Judge Moore, I'll run up to the house and get my father to sign this deed. The Valley of the Giants is his personal property, you know. He didn't include it in his assets when incorporating the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company."

A quarter of an hour later he returned with the deed duly signed by John Cardigan and witnessed by Bryce; whereupon the judge carelessly tossed his certified check for a hundred thousand dollars on Bryce's desk and departed whistling "Turkey in the Straw." Bryce reached for the telephone and called up Colonel Pennington.

"Bryce Cardigan speaking," he began, but the Colonel cut him short.

"My dear, impulsive young friend," he interrupted in oleaginous tones, "how often do you have to be told that I am not quite ready to buy that quarter-section?"

"Oh," Bryce retorted, "I merely called up to tell you that every dollar and every asset you have in the world, including your heart's blood, isn't sufficient to buy the Valley of the Giants from us now."

"Eh? What's that? Why?"

"Because, my dear, overcautious and thoroughly unprincipled enemy, it was sold five minutes ago for the tidy sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and if you don't believe me, come over to my office and I'll let you feast your eyes on the certified check."

He could hear a distinct gasp. After an interval of five seconds, however, the Colonel recovered his poise. "I congratulate you," he purred. "I suppose I'll have to wait a little longer now, won't I? Well—patience is my middle name. Au revoir."

The Colonel hung up. His hard face was ashen with rage, and he stared at a calendar on the wall with his cold, phidlian stare. However, he was not without a generous stock of optimism. "Somebody has learned of the low state of the Cardigan fortune," he mused, "and taken advantage of it to induce the old man to sell at last. They're figuring on selling to me at a neat profit. And I certainly did overplay my hand last night. However, there's nothing to do now except sit tight and wait for the new owner's next move."

Meanwhile, in the general office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, joy was rampant. Bryce Cardigan was doing a buck and wing dance around the room, while Moira McTavish, with her back to her tall desk, watched him, in her eyes a tremendous joy and a sweet, yearning glow of adoration that Bryce was too happy and excited to notice.

Suddenly he paused before her. "Moira, you're a lucky girl," he declared. "I thought this morning you were going back to a kitchen in a logging camp. It almost broke my heart to think of fate's swindling you like that." He put his arm around her and gave her a brotherly hug. "It's autumn in the woods, Moira, and all the underbrush is golden."

She smiled, though it was winter in her heart.

"Stop it, boys. No fighting, if you please."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pin and Candle Auction.

The many centuries old custom of letting, "Poor Folk's Closes" every fifth year has again been observed at Old Bellingbroke, where Henry IV. was born in 1396. The biddings ceased when a pin inserted in a burning candle falls. The field, three acres, was let for £12 10s. For about twenty years it has not made more than £5.—London Daily Mail.

The New Terms.

"The man you see yonder is a high-wayman."

"Good gracious! such a gentleman-looking man a robber?"

"Not at all. An aviator!"

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"CAVEMAN" STUFF ALL RIGHT

At Least, One Indiana Man Is Satisfied With the Way It Worked in His Particular Case.

Now, she is a very sarcastic young woman, and the man who wishes to marry her is often much tormented with her ability to say things which make him distinctly uncomfortable. One night one of his friends and he decided to go to a picture house and there they saw a play in which the caveman stuff was exceedingly strong. Evidently that gave the young man an inspiration, for the next cutting remark the young woman made he resented.

He had come to take her for a drive. After getting her safely settled in his car and having placed a large box of candy in her lap he settled down for a pleasant evening. But not long. The young woman could not stand his ease. She deliberately opened her box, took out a bonbon, nibbled at it a minute and then said in icy tones: "Why, this candy is stale."

At first the young man felt inclined to writher, but the next minute the caveman stuff of the movie darted into his mind. He did what he thought was a real rough act. He seized that beautiful box of candy and threw it as far as he could.

For a long time there was silence. Then the girl began the conversation. And this time she spoke meekly and in "honeyed" tones. She is still speaking in the same way whenever she is with him.—Indianapolis News.

MUSHROOMS OF ALL SORTS

Edible and Poisonous, White One Species, Grown in Africa, Is Worshipped as a God.

In or about the edges of woods one occasionally comes across an unpleasant-looking umbrella-shaped mushroom with a red or orange-colored top that is covered with a slimy exudation. Now and then, strange to say, people eat it. They die.

Its slime is very attractive to flies. They gather upon it, and they die. In Europe this species of mushroom is used as a substitute for fly-paper.

The horrible-smelling "clathrus" mushroom is believed in France to cause cancer. French people call it the "cancer mushroom." Another species, which grows on olive trees, is so luminous at night that one can see to read by it.

Other kinds of mushrooms are used for making ink, for stanching the flow of blood and (in Lapland) for killing bedbugs. A European species is employed to stupefy bees, and certain "puffballs" are said to have anesthetic properties. Tribes of semi-savages in northeastern Asia utilize a mushroom for snuff. But most curious of all is the Polyporus sacer, which in Africa is worshipped as a god.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Double Affection.

Elsie was proud and much excited over a pair of new shoes and while calling on a friend could think and talk of nothing else. To get her interested in something else, the woman at whose home she was visiting tried to take her up to an elephant made of teakwood, about a foot high, looking rather real. Baby was much afraid at first, but went nearer trembling as she went along. Finally she put her little hand on his head and, finding him harmless, put both arms around him and cried out in astonishment and joy: "He loves me—he loves my shoes!"

Such a Good Speller.

A friend called to see me one afternoon and, among other things, asked how my little girl was getting along in school. I was proud to be able to tell her she had just skipped a grade on account of being good in arithmetic and spelling. In the next room Alice was writing a letter to her uncle to tell him of her promotion and just as I finished about her being such a good speller she called: "Mother, I want to say to uncle that you used to call me dumb, but I don't know how to spell yousta."—Chicago Tribune.

Tapa: Made for Tourists



SANTOAY WOMAN IN TAPA WEDDING DRESS

TAPA AND TAPA TOOLS

TAPA! Once—and only a few years ago—a large part of the savage and semi-civilized world wore tapa. But styles have changed. Now you might hunt a long time before you found any—except in a museum. You would probably have to journey to the wilds of Africa to find anybody actually wearing tapa. But in Samoa an excellent quality is still manufactured—for the sake of the tourist trade.

"I shall now describe their way of making Cloth, which, in my opinion, is the only Curious manufacture they have." So wrote Lieutenant (later Commander) James Cook at Tahiti, Society Islands, Pacific ocean, in the diary he kept during his first voyage around the world made 1768-71, in H. M. Bark Endeavor. He proceeds:

"All their Cloth is, I believe, made from the Bark of Trees; the finest is made from a plant which they cultivate for no other purpose. Dr. Solander thinks it is the same plant the bark of which the Chinese make paper of. They let this plant grow till it is about 6 or 8 feet high, the stem is then about as thick as one's thumb or thicker; after this they cut it down and lay it a certain time in water. This makes the bark strip off easy the outside of which is scraped off with a rough shell. After this is done, it looks like long strips of ragged linen; these they lay together, by means of a fine palm made of some sort of a root, to the breadth of a yard more or less, and in length 6, 8 or 10 Yards or more according to the use it is for.

"After it is thus put together it is beat out to its proper breadth and fineness, upon a long square piece of wood, with wooden beaters. The cloth being kept wet all the time. The beaters are made of hard wood with four square sides, are about 3 or 4 inches broad and cut into grooves of different fineness; this makes the cloth look at first sight as if it was wove with thread, but I believe the principal use of the Grooves is to facilitate the beating it out, in the doing of which they often beat holes in it, or one place thinner than another; but this is easily repaired by pasting on small bits, and this they do in such a manner, that the cloth is not the least injured.

"The finest sort when bleached is very white and comes nearest to fine Cotton. Thick cloth, especially fine, is made by pasting two or more thicknesses of thin cloth, made for that purpose, together. Coarse thick cloth and ordinary thin cloth is made of the Bark of Bread fruit Trees, and I think I have been told that it is sometimes made from the Bark of other trees. The making of Cloth is wholly the work of the women, in which all ranks are employed. Their common colors are red, brown and yellow, with which they dye some pieces just as their fancy leads them."

On view at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City is a number of fine specimens of bark-cloth or tapa. In many localities throughout the tropics of both hemispheres, crude civilizations, lacking both the knowledge and means of weaving, have fashioned cloth from the inner bark of certain trees. The Micronesian, Polynesian and Melanes-

ian Islands, and Africa were all tapa-making countries. The Maoris of New Zealand, too, knew the art. But with them it was only briefly cultivated, due to the scarcity of trees producing the sort of bark needed and the severe climate which soon led to the use of the strong native flax for the manufacture of cloth.

Within the last century tapa has become a rarity in practically all the regions where it was once so abundant. But thanks to the efforts of a few interested people, excellent collections of bark-cloth have been brought together. The collections at the American Museum include in addition to examples of tapa from all the regions mentioned, examples of the implements used by various peoples in the manufacture of the cloth.

The implements include shells for cutting the bark, peeling it from the stems and scraping it; the wooden slabs on which the bark was laid for beating; and mallets, square or round according to the locality in which they were used. These mallets are carved into grooves, squares or other patterns of various sizes according to the degree of coarseness or fineness desired for the finished piece of tapa. The African beaters are made of pieces of tusk fastened to bamboo handles and wrapped about with rattan. Hawaiian ruling pens, for making lined designs on the tapa, and stamped bamboo stencils sometimes in the form of a half-cylinder testify to the progress which the Hawaiians had made in the technique of tapa decoration. They seem, also, to have led in variety and beauty of design.

As to the cloth itself, the finer varieties resemble fine cotton in softness, are frail and easily torn, and very cool. In Samoa and the Tonga Islands the cloth was glazed with a sort of varnish which rendered it rain-proof.

In connection with the American Museum of Natural History, it should be noted that this institution and the American people owe much to the late Prof. Albert S. Bickmore, of international reputation, who was for many years the leading spirit of the museum.

Another "Cloth" Gone. With the extinction of the American bison or buffalo another savage "cloth" has disappeared—to be found only in museums. The buffalo was clothing and shelter as well as food to the American Indian. He wore the "buffalo robe" and made his teepees of the skin and kept his records on it. The American West followed the Indians' example so far as to use the skin for "cloth." Men of 60 will remember that in their youth the "buffalo robe" was almost as much a part of the family sleigh and the cutter as the bells on the harness. In these days buffalo skin coats were the winter wear of outdoor men all over the country.

James Bridger, one of the giants of the early days of the American fur trade, the discoverer of Salt Lake about 1825 and the builder of Fort Bridger on the Oregon trail in Wyoming, was a born cartographer. It is said he could take a charred stick from the campfire and on a buffalo



PROF. ALBERT S. BICKMORE

skin draw a map of any part of the far West. He learned the trick from the Indians.

Waniyetu yawapi wowapi—that is American Indianese, the Sioux dialect. It means "winter count writing"—the Indian method of keeping a calendar. The Oglala Sioux (Dakota) Indians exploited "art calendars" before our present New Year productions were in existence. They represented each year by a pictograph, or picture, labeled with a descriptive motto. The picture and name were generally suggested by some important winter event, whence the name "winter count writing."

These pictographs drawn on buffalo skins, were kept in serial order, the keeper trusting his memory to recall the details of the events suggested by the pictures so identifying the various years. In other words, each year had a name instead of a mere number, and in the official calendar this name was illustrated by a picture. A Dakota born in 1853 would say that his birth occurred in "the year of the deep snow," or, if in 1859, "in the year of the moon's eclipse."

The American Museum of Natural History is fortunate in having been able to obtain one of these chronicles complete and parts of two others.

It is interesting to follow these old Indian records; to trace the history of the Dakota by his own account of hunting parties, tribal wars and massacres, the coming of the white men, dealings with traders, occasional outbreaks, gradual submission to the stronger power of the white man's government and civilization, and the development of the Indian's relations with the United States, with his consequent interest in United States politics. The names of some of the years are for us merely amusing; others are very significant. A few chosen at random will give a fair idea of the old Sioux calendar:

1779-80—Smallpox used them up winter.
1791-92—Saw a white woman winter.
1797—Beaver-small come winter.
1799—First firearms to issue winter.
1803—Horse-foot iron they say brought home winter. (This commemorates the first horseshoe seen by the Indians. It was on a stolen horse.)
1821-22—Star passed by with loud noise winter.
1830—Wood house first made winter.
1841—Drunk fight kill winter.

wedded to gloom and distrustful cheerful company, pass on and enter another carriage. All the cheerful spirits come to our compartment and form the jolliest traveling colony ever known."—Continental Edition of London Mail.

Life in Old Manhattan.
Mrs. Knicker—Have you had a busy week?
Mrs. Bocker—Rather; I've had two husbands, three landlords and four cooks.—Sun and New York Herald.

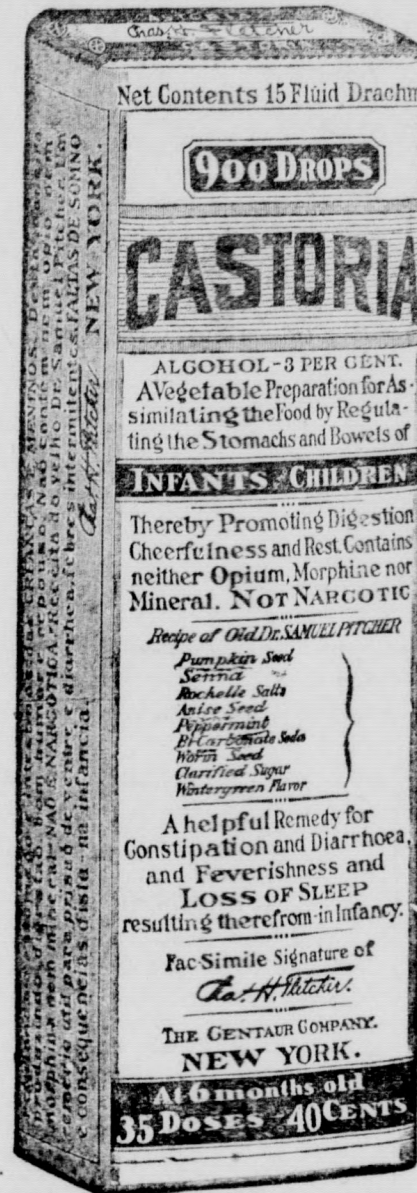
False Claims.

WE hope there is no Mother who thinks she can treat her sick baby without calling in a Physician, or with remedies that she uses for herself.

Most Mothers know that Baby requires remedies especially prepared for babies, yet there are some who think that what is good enough for them is good enough for Baby, and it is to these Mothers we appeal to give nothing to their babies that is not specially prepared for babies or recommended by their Physician.

False claims may kill, but false claims can never restore your child.

For over thirty years Fletcher's Castoria has been aiding in the reduction of the deaths among infants as Mothers have become more and more acquainted with it. Always keep it in the house.



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Your own judgment tells you that Fletcher's Castoria having for over thirty years at great expense held up its reputation, must jealously guard it. Then, it follows that this company must use the very best of material. Must employ experts in the selection of the herbs. Must retain skilled chemists in its manufacture.

Your same good judgment must tell you that these irresponsible imitators are trading on your credulity and the reputation built up by Mr. Fletcher, during all these years, for his Castoria.

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Only a busy man can employ his spare time advantageously.

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Does summer find you tired, weak—all worn out? Do you have constant backache, feel lame and stiff, and without life or ambition? There's a reason why you feel so badly. Likely your kidneys have weakened and are causing you to feel so miserable. Get back your health and keep it! Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

An Idaho Case

C. J. Peters, prop. shoe repair shop, 221 S. Shoshone St., Twin Falls, Idaho, says: "My kidneys were out of order and I suffered a great deal with sharp pains that went through my back like knives. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended and it only took one box to rid me of every bit of kidney trouble. Doan's drove away the pains and aches in fine shape."

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"Is he familiar with the classics?" "Oh, yes! I notice from his library table that he pitches them around every which way?"—Judge.

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Open Sesame.

"Did you have any trouble in seeing that captain of industry whose time is reputed to be worth almost a million a minute?"

"None at all."

"How did you contrive to get into his private office?"

"I stood just outside the door and engaged his secretary in a loud conversation about golf, in which I displayed a superior knowledge of the game."

The Deceiver.

"It was simply heartrending! They were entertaining a party of friends with a cuffed board seance. The control had just assured them in the most unmistakable manner that they need fear no ill, when a noise was heard in the basement, and they got a fleeting glimpse of three robbers making off with the last of their liquor. They not only suffered the material loss, but then and there they parted forever with their faith in ouija boards."—Kansas City Star.

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English Business Men Form Association in Which Only Smiling Faces Are Welcome.

Bright men who travel to London every day to business have formed a "traveling colony of good cheer." "Some of us grew so tired of traveling with stiff, unsmiling faces," Mr. Johnson, a London merchant, told a reporter, "that we determined to ad-

mit to our compartment only those with cheerful faces.

"Smile!" "We have two placards, one for each window of the compartment. On these the traveler reads:

"Only those who are cheerful travel in this compartment. If you cannot smile you will be out of place." "It has been very effective. Gloom faces appear, read the notice and

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Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

PHONE MAIN 50

A. OLSEN, Proprietor

97 E. Montecito.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display, per inch.....25c
Display front page 25 per cent extra.
Wants, per word 01c

Subscription Yearly, in advance, \$2.00
Six months \$1.25
Three months75

Telephone * - - - - Black 42

NO "MOONSHINE"

Really seems a pity
Charms of our fair city
Should be concealed by darkness of
night;
When tourists through it amble
Or residents would ramble,
What joy to find a kindly guiding
light.
Street lights ornamental
For people temperamental
Turning darkness into light like day;
Sure would be a booster
For every Sierra Madre rooster
And elevate the town out of "Class J"
—A. L. Soran.

A STRENUOUS VACATION

Edward E. Schneeberger, janitor of
the public schools, is spending his
summer vacation putting in from 9
to 12 hours daily keeping the school
grounds beautiful.

* THIS DOCTOR WILL STAY

Ernest Yerxa has sold his home on
South Baldwin to Dr. F. P. Miller and
is living temporarily with Mrs. Yerxa's
mother, Mrs. Clara St. John.
Dr. Miller already has possession
and it is hoped that this investment
means he will remain permanently.

AUTOMOBILES COLLIDE

The machines of Dr. Wm. C. Upjohn
and N. E. Grisham disputed the
right of way at Baldwin and Grand
View Wednesday evening and got together.
Fortunately no one was injured,
although the doctor and Mrs. Upjohn
received a severe shaking up. Both
machines were able to limp away on
their own power.

**FRANKLIN BIEDERMAN
HAS GOOD JOB**

From the Florence, Ariz., Blade-Tribune we learn that Frank Biederman
is city engineer and building inspector
of that place.

Mr. Biederman was formerly a city
employee in the water department of
Sierra Madre, and his many friends
here will be glad to learn of his advancement.

CAPT. OSGOOD ENJOYS OUTING

Astoria, Oregon, July 29.—Friend
Whiting: I am enjoying intensely
the wonders of this part of Oregon.
Yesterday a trip up the wonderfully
beautiful Columbia river and today,
after a night boat trip from Portland,
I am visiting this old place full of

very interesting features on sea and
shore.

One cruiser and seven destroyers
came here today to help out the State
convention of the American Legion.
We have no fish in Sierra Madre so I
send you some. Kind regards.
J. A. OSGOOD.

PRIMARY SUMMER CLASS

I am forming a primary class for
private instruction semi-weekly during
vacation. Parents interested
please phone Red 129.

YERDA APPLEBY.

WALTER LYNCH AT LUMBER YARD

While Lewis C. Brooks, manager of
the L. W. Blinn Lumber company,
and his wife are enjoying a two weeks
vacation touring Northern California
Walter Lynch, manager for the same
company at Chino, but formerly of
this place, is attending to the business
of the local yard, and incidentally
enjoying the meeting of old friends.

LITTLE ROCK PEAR DAY AUG. 7

Farm Advisor Hodgson announces
that the date for the annual Pear Day
celebration at Little Rock, Antelope
valley, has been set for Saturday,
August 7. This year the festivities
will be held under the auspices of the
Little Rock Farm Bureau Center, W.
J. Kling, director of the Farm Bureau
being chairman of the day. A short
program of interesting addresses has
been prepared for 2 o'clock, followed
by a tour of some of the better orchards
of the districts. At 11:30
luncheon will be served to all comers.
All visitors will be expected to register
at the booth and will receive
souvenir cartons of Little Rock pears

There is news on every page

NEWS WANTED LINERS

Advertisements in this column,
one cent a word, cash
with copy. No wanted received
for less than 25 cents.

WANTED—Wash woman at 273 Mar-
iposa. 45*

WE WANT—To list your house for
sale. A. N. Adams. 32tf

FOR SALE—Twenty fat hens 30c per
pound; phone Green 115; 205 San
Gabriel Court. 45*

WE HAVE—Some rare bargains in
homes and lots. A. N. Adams. 32tf

FOR SALE—Household sewing machine
in good condition, only \$12.00.
227 S. Baldwin ave. 45*

WE WANT—To buy furniture; will
pay a good price for same. A. N.
Adams. 32tf

FOUND—Ford crank; owner may get
it at the News office by paying for
this notice. 45

FOR SALE—Or will trade for chickens—Horse and buggy, harness,
saddle and bridle; 59 Esperanza; A.
J. Karger. 44-45

WANTED—Washings to do by the
piece, or rough dry; will call and
deliver. Mrs. Guiness, 78 W. Highland.
45-47c

WANTED—5 or 6 room unfurnished
house on a year's lease; good responsible
couple; phone Blue 67; William Walker.
45*

FOR SALE—6 geese, 4 turkeys, 18
Leghorn pullets, five months old, 20
Rhode Island Red chicks. Call 93 W.
Mira Monte. c

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest
price paid for second hand furniture.
Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone
Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. tf

WANTED—A good cook and neat
housekeeper for Mondays, Fridays
and Saturdays. Can go home nights.
Wages \$35 a month; phone Red 132;
139 W. Live Oak. 43-45

FOR SALE—One perfectly good
workhorse, single harness and express
wagon, all in A No. 1 good
shape. G. A. Fielder, 46 W. Grand
View. 44-45*

WANTED—To rent or purchase
small house in good condition in
Sierra Madre. Would prefer one already
furnished. Send detailed description
and price. L. E. Myers, 737
So. Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR RENT UNFURNISHED—Bungalow
4 rooms and sleeping porch,
clean and fresh paint, bath and toilet,
near end of car line, only \$20 water
paid; enquire 187 E. Montecito ave.
45*

Groceries and Meats CENTRAL MARKET

Warm Weather Suggestions

HOW WOULD A NICE SALAD BE?—We have fresh tomatoes,
lettuce, cucumbers. They make a nice combination.

Also Premier, Durkee's, Mrs. Porter's and Yacht Club Dressings.

Heinz Malt Vinegar gives the salad a different flavor.

FOR MEATS—Boiled Ham, Minced Ham, Cooked Corn Beef.

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

M. D. WELSHER

Grocery Phone Main 6

Market Phone Main 97

Boost for Sierra Madre.

Clean up your back yard, too.

UNIVERSAL SHOE DRESSINGS

Powder Bags Shoe Cleaners Shoe Creams
Leather Dyes Heel Edge.

"WE HAVE THEM!"

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25

I OFFER SOME VERY CHOICE BUYS IN

Used Cars

Most Popular Makes On Hand
At All Times Which may be Purchased
on Very Easy Terms, if Desired.

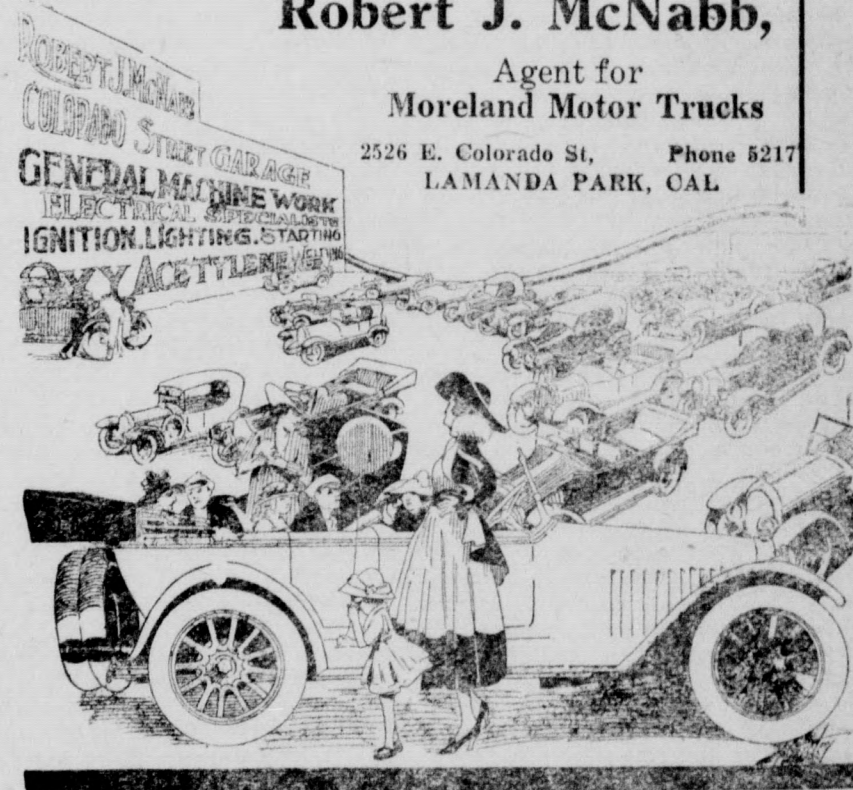
—OR—

I Will Buy Your Used Car
And Pay Highest Market Price for
Cars of Late Model.

Robert J. McNabb,

Agent for
Moreland Motor Trucks

2526 E. Colorado St. Phone 5217
LAMANDA PARK, CAL



"UNCLE SAM"

"During the year 1919 compiled detailed record of the maintenance expenses of several leading makes of cars. In the case of eighteen Fords the average cost of operation was 7.7 cents per mile. Six Dodge cars showed an average expense of 8.6 cents per mile. Four Buicks gave a rate of 9 cents; two Overlands, 9.6; two Reos, 10 cents; four Studebakers, 10.3 cents, and one Paige, 8 cents. The figures given included the expense of ordinary repairs, tires, gas, oil, etc., but did not include interest, taxes, depreciation or licenses. If, to the above mileage costs, were added the rate per mile for the items of depreciation, license, taxes, insurance and interest (all of which are legitimate items in the maintenance of an automobile) the cost per mile would be increased by at least 2 cents."

THE PACIFIC ELECTRIC will carry
you daily to and from your work
for about 1c per mile, or on your occasional
trip for less than 3c per mile.
SOME SAVING TO YOU; and not
only that, it carries the risk of transportation,
not you.

CAN YOU AFFORD THE ADDITIONAL COST?



Ant Destroyer

IT WILL GET YOUR ANTS, YOUR AUNT'S ANTS AND ALL THEIR LITTLE ANTS.

Special Saturday, the package 18c

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

SUNSET MARSHMALLOW CREME

It never disappoints. It's good on anything. Better than whipped cream in most instances. Pie, puddings, fruit, cookies, ice cream, are made better when topped with it. Special Saturday, the large can 35c

BLEACHED WALNUT HALVES—

The Association Diamond Brand, 3 oz. in glass, each 33c
8 oz. in tin each 60c

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING FROM THE VALLEY.

WATCH OUR BARGAIN TABLE—SPECIALS EVERY DAY
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12

291 W. Central Ave.



How Many Home Runs will Babe Ruth Hit?

Every lover of the National pastime wants to know. Will his nerve crack under the strain of trying to live up to the "dope"—predictions that he will "knock it out of the lot" fifty times before the end of the season?

The Examiner's sporting page covers every field of sport—experts contribute to it every day—men who know their subject from long experience and keen observation.

The box scores of the "Big Leagues" are published in The Examiner every morning. The diamond gossip dear to the heart of every fan is written in a style that increases enthusiasm for your favorite sport.

Los Angeles Examiner

Delivered to Your Door for \$1.05 Per Month

Curiosity--

We want to know how many people have a pair of scissors in their home.

Cut this Out

We will give you 50c for four snips of your scissors.

Special This Week ends Aug. 7

50c Bedding Plants 35c per doz.
Centaurea, Cosmos, Scabiosa, Coxeomb, Bachelor Button, Verbena, Snapdragon.

Avocados

Big 4 to 6 ft. trees, regular \$7.50, this week \$5.50.

DISCOUNTS WITH THIS ADVERTISEMENT—

50c on the first \$1.50 order; 25% discount on all over \$1.50.

Pioneer Nursery of Monrovia

TELEPHONE: Main 421

OPPOSITE SANTA FE DEPOT

We are as near to you as your phone or postcard.

D-17

LOCAL ITEMS

All real estate agents are busy—and happy.

Have you subscribed to the street light fund?

Bemay milk is the cheapest food value today.

Half a dozen building plans are near the contract point.

Boost for Sierra Madre where something is doing all the time.

Bemay's milk and cream keeps because sanitary and handled scientifically.

Mr. and Mrs. William Slaker of Los Angeles are occupying the C. B. Reas home.

Miss Mable Lawrence of Bishop is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Hart for two or three weeks.

Mrs. Peter Schweick returned Saturday from a two months' visit at Hastings, Minn.

Mrs. V. J. Fish and her daughter, Mrs. Leonard, are spending a month at Santa Monica.

W. R. Walker and family will move to Alhambra next week where he will be nearer his work.

Mrs. Amelia Jensen has returned from a four weeks outing on the Bittison ranch near Palmdale.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Rees left Monday for an extended visit in Wisconsin and other eastern places.

R. B. Wallace and family and John Hearle and family have taken a cottage at Santa Monica for a month.

The resurfacing on Central avenue will have been finished tomorrow and work on South Baldwin will be pushed next week.

Leonard Tucker is driving a fine new Special Studebaker six touring car and will use it in his auto service from here to everywhere and back.

E. C. Foster was operated upon at the Crocker hospital, Los Angeles, Sunday morning and is getting along nicely. The operation was reported to be entirely successful.

Mrs. A. Chalmers, local manager of the Southern California Edison company, is taking her vacation this week. Mr. Fred Davis of Monrovia is filling the vacancy.

Late authorities on algebraic problems tell us that men should marry the hustling type of girls. Girls are willing to hustle for a man who wants that kind of a girl.

WORK ON SCHOOL BUILDINGS

Workmen are busy excavating for the new school buildings and construction work will be pushed to the limit.

DINNER PARTY

Mrs. Frank J. Hart gave a delightful dinner party at Hartwood, Saturday in honor of Miss Margarette Preston and Mr. Harold Pegler, who will be married the last of this month.

The evening was spent in games, instrumental and vocal music. Besides the guests of honor, the following attended: Misses Helen Seeley, Hallett Johnson and Messrs. Kenneth Saunders, Harold Hart and Carl Hart.

PRE-NUPTIAL SHOWER

On Thursday evening Mrs. W. P. Caley entertained with a miscellaneous shower for Miss Avis Preston, whose marriage to Charles W. Tarter of Fresno will take place in the near future.

Pink roses, geraniums and "Dusty Miller" were used for the decorations, and those present were the members of the "Eleven and One club" and a few outside friends.

The bride-to-be was showered in a bountiful manner with many pretty and useful presents. The shower was carried in a large new laundry bag and presented by a John Chinaman dressed in native costume, even to the pigtail, and who afterward proved to be Miss Hilda Caley, whose return from the East, where she had been for the past two years, was a complete surprise to her friends.

The musical numbers given by Miss Cook and by Mrs. George Norris added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

A ring cake was a feature of the refreshments. It was cut by Miss Preston and decided who the next bride was to be.

C. OF C. MEMBERSHIP

Some weeks ago a vigorous campaign was executed for members for the Chamber of Commerce and the grand drive was, in a sense, a failure. Beginning with 85 members, the committee re-enrolled and obtained new members at \$10 a year in advance, 120 names.

Every resident and many non-residents were solicited by letter, in person and newspaper articles. All had an opportunity and were urged to join and the pitiable result is a reflection on the loyalty and civic pride of Sierra Madreans.

A general excuse for side-stepping was "the Chamber of Commerce has done nothing." Well, how do you expect it to do anything without a working capital? How much effort have you put forth to make the organization succeed? Did you join and contribute to the fund? Do you attend the meetings and help with your ideas and council? Do you do physical or mental work for the success of the Chamber? If not, you show mighty poor taste criticising the loyal citizens who are doing their best to further the interest of our beautiful and loved little city.

If you have not helped as yet and even if you have said you would not help, won't you change your mind and come in with the booster bunch?

You remember some wise guy said "a wise man will change his mind, etc."

TRY IT YOURSELF

Try The News Wantad column for quick and sure returns.

IOWA PICNIC AND REUNION

The annual Iowa picnic and reunion will be held at Bixby park, Long Beach, Saturday, Aug. 14. Free coffee. Bring lunch.

GOAT'S MILK FOR HEALTH

Chicago is getting goat milk. Emil Reichling of Huntington Park will start from Los Angeles Tuesday in a private box car full of goats, says the Los Angeles Times, to which he will act as chaperon and dairy maid until they are turned over to the Cook County Oak Forest Infirmary of Illinois. The infirmary wants the goats for milk-giving, not for surgical purposes, as it is Chicago's tubercular hospital and it is believed that goat milk—especially California goat milk—is the best of liquid foods, having all the good qualities of both sweet milk and "butter" milk.

Twenty American Toggenburg goats will be in the personally conducted party, and it will surprise many people to learn that the cheapest of them cost \$200 and some cost \$300. The carload cost close to \$5000.

Those who recall the time when tin-can-eating goats were looked on as the national emblem of Shanty Town and were quoted usually at 50 cents per head, whiskers and all, may be astonished by such prices, but they will be mistaken if they blame the surgeons. All the goats Mr. Reichling is taking back to Chicago are registered, pedigreed animals.

Peter Reinberg, president of the Board of Commissioners of Cook county, Illinois, arranged for the shipment of the goats while here on the way home from the San Francisco convention. Mr. Reinberg wanted none but the best, and none but California goats were allowed to butt in. Some of the goats yield as much as six quarts of milk a day.

If there is anyone in Sierra Madre desiring a pedigreed, registered Toggenburg five-quart milk goat, for about half value, inquire at The News office.



FERNS

FOR THE HOUSE
FOR THE PORCH
FOR THE GARDEN

Many Varieties to Select From
Our established Trees and Shrubs can be planted now.
Drop in and see our stock.
We deliver.

WARD NURSERY

Phone Blue 29 Mt. Trail and Laurel

Hungry Deer

The wild deer that came down from the mountain to Sierra Madre a day or two ago were hunting green things to eat. Our citizens have not so far to go to find the finest and freshest of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. It's only a step to the telephone or a few steps to this store.

SATURDAY SPECIALS

Local Watermelons, lb. 3½c
Peaches, 3 lbs. 25c
Green Apples, 3 lbs. 25c
Spuds, 4 lbs. 25c

ARROW-HEAD SPRINGS WATER

Complete stock of groceries and vegetables, quick turnover, close margins, satisfied customers.

C. M. Nomura

CLOSED THURSDAY AFTERNOONS

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

RE-ELECT EGBERT J.

GATES

REPULICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE SENATOR 35th DIST.

Primaries August 31st.

Successful business man with legislative experience.
For Good Government on a Business Basis.
Endorsed by "The Association for Betterment of Public Service."

Auto Livery Service

Bran new Five Passenger Studebaker. Out of town tours and trips solicited. Rates \$2.50 per hour.
Phone Green 38 daytime, or Green 80 evenings.

LEONARD C. TUCKER

Ornamental Street Lights for Sierra Madre

Must Let Contract Next Week to Save About \$300 on Raise in Price of Material and Freight

HELP! HELP!

75% ALREADY FINANCED

Public subscriptions are solicited for the small balance necessary to install this public improvement.

Bring, send or telephone your subscriptions, any amount from \$25 to \$1.00, to the News office.

J. F. WHITING,
Chairman

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

May Pass the Critical Period Safely and Comfortably by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Summit, N. J.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life and I think it is a good remedy in such a condition. I could not digest my food and had much pain and burning in my stomach after meals. I could not sleep, had backache, and worst of all were the hot flashes. I saw in the papers about Vegetable Compound so I tried it. Now I feel right and can work better. You have my permission to publish this letter."

—VICTORIA KOPPEL, 21 Oak Ridge Ave., Summit, N. J.

If you have warning symptoms such as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backache, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin taking the medicine at once. We know it will help you as it did Mrs. Koppel.

Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Pinch anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. FLY KILLER at your dealer or by EXPRESS, prepaid, \$1.25. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burglary Is Not Profitable. When one reads in the paper an account of a burglary where the thief succeeded in securing \$5,000 to \$10,000 worth of jewelry, one is apt to think that the spoils were probably worth the risk, but investigation has shown that thieves never realize anything like the full value of their plunder. In England it was discovered that out of 468 burglaries reported in various parts of the kingdom the proceeds netted the principals an average of about \$75 each. The value of the plunder was many times that figure. In addition to this, each one of the number had been sent to jail for his crime.

All Titled. The doctor's family had just moved into a more exclusive residence district and all the members were much given to boasting over this. Even the nine-year-old daughter told of it to her small playmates at school. "Why, it's just like having a title," she ended. "Everything that comes to our place has written on it after our names, 'Collet place'."

Another little nine-year-old sniffed very disdainfully. "Oh, if that is what you mean, we've got one too," she informed the audience, "and it's almost like you're. Right after our name on everything that comes to our house, they write, 'Collet, please.'"—Exchange.

No Wonder. Otis—You say that something at the banquet last night disgusted you? Chester—Yes! I had too much climate. Sat between a California native son and a man from Florida!—New York Evening Post.

As A Table Drink Postum Cereal

meets every requirement!

The flavor, much like superior coffee, always pleases; and when health and economy are considered, this wholesome beverage fits every need.

Boil Postum Cereal fully 15 minutes, after boiling begins—or if you prefer a quickly prepared drink, buy the newer form—Instant Postum, which is made instantly in the cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

SAVE SHOES AND STOCKINGS

They will last twice as long if you Shake Into Your Shoes ALLEN'S FOOT-PAZE, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for the feet. It takes away the sting of Corns, Bunions, Callouses, sore, itching, swollen, tender feet. Allen's Foot-Paze stops the friction which causes the wear on shoes and stockings, saves expense and makes walking a delight. Shake it into your shoes. Sprinkle it in the foot-bath. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Not a Philosopher.
"What is your philosophy in life?"
"Friend, I don't know a thing about philosophy. I ain't never studied much. All I do is take things as they come, and make the best of 'em."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monocetate of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Inability to answer an argument doesn't prove that the argument is a good one.

Humble men who admit their ignorance get credited with more ignorance than is theirs.

Sure Relief



6 BELL'S Hot Water Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

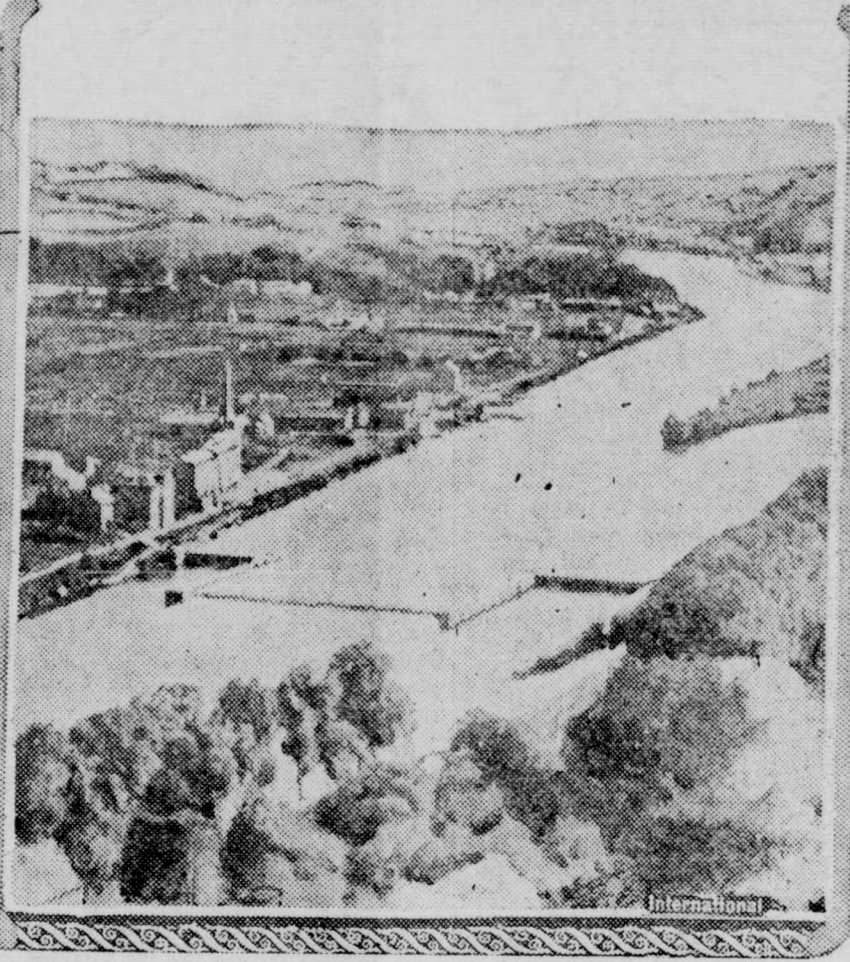
Surely a Mean Employer. "Enery," observed Bill 'Awkins, "I ear as yer got a job." "Yes," answered the sad 'Enery, "I ave got a job." "Yer don't appear very 'appy about it, do yer?" asked BILL. "Ain't yer foreman a decent cove, then?" "Oh! 'E's a mean, low-minded feller!" cried the outraged 'Enery. "'E's a dirty dorg, 'e is. Got 'Un-like notions as 'ow gents like me should be treated. F'r instance, would yer believe it, 'e actually took the legs off the wheelbarrows so as a cove can't sit down an' rest? Oh, 'e's a mean dorg!"—London Ideas.

Peril of Growing Pains. Little John had put in a very hard day of playing and that night he said, "Mother, oh, how my knee aches!" "That is just a growing pain and will be all right in the mornings," replied his mother. At that John exclaimed: "But the pain is in just one knee, and is one of my legs going to be longer than the other?"

Poetry and Prose. "Oft in my silent vigils, I hear the voices of the night." "Have you a baby with colic, too?"

A spendthrift gets tight occasionally, but a miser is always tight.

LEGENDS OF OLD-BELGIUM



Valley of the Meuse in Belgium.

ASKED to pluck the prettiest flowers of our Belgian folklore, I stand blinded and hesitate. What shall I choose in this bouquet, over rich in its mingling of brilliant colors and tender hues? Shall it be pearls of sacred mistletoe fallen beneath the Druid's knife; lilies grown in the shadow of convents and monasteries; roses reddened with the blood of tournaments and the carnage of battle; or, perchance, pale daisies of the fields sprung up unheeded amid the cow pasture? All equally are precious, writes Louis Lagasse de Loch in the London Times. Daughters of a fertile land sared in the course of ages by storms let loose from the four corners of the earth, are they not the expression, the poetry, the sap of love and hate, the very soul, in a word, of a people fashioned by martial blows and bathed in the sunshine of idealism?

Every Belgian is thrilled by the past. It is his staff and bread of life. Hence his love of cavalcades, joyous entries and processions, the ever recurring delight of most of our villages. Great taste is often displayed in the ordering of these parades, in the building of the triumph—to which Rubens and Jordaens did not scorn to devote their talent. And it is as if the figures of legend and history which pass through our streets had stepped down from the canvas of old masterpieces to be closer to the caresses of the crowds.

Sometimes the ceremony represents but an episode, a scene of chivalry or of mystery from the middle ages. In Bruges, suddenly awakened from its melancholy miracle of the holy blood, the triumphal escort of a prince consecrated to the conquest of the holy land moves in a rolling stream of glistening steel amid the glamor of rich silks and precious brocades, the clashing of arms and the embrazen peal of trumpets.

Supreme Drama of All Time. At Furnes, on the last Sunday in July, the procession of "penitents" reenacts the supreme drama of all time. For weeks the city prepares for it. The actors' parts are more coveted than public honors; some are jealously guarded as hereditary rights. Through the dense crowd, pressing ever closer and closer, the revered figures pass in procession. And the Christ appears, weighted down by his cross, a living and staggering Christ, scourged till the blood runs from him. A shiver of religious fervor passes over the faithful. "Mercy!" a penitent cries aloud in pain. Every window is a garden of tapers, candles and lights whose flames flicker in the wind blowing from the sea. Sacred chants mingle with the piping of reeds, the noise of rattles and the winding of horns. The crowd sobs and sways and wrings its hands and falls into prayer as, following the Crucified one, the penitents pass. The men in sackcloth and the women closely veiled do penance, and their naked, torn feet bleed on the stones of the road. Perchance beneath their cloaks of burly noble ladies, whose flaxen hair and white bodies are the love treasures of this sensuous and mystic Flanders, are paying the ransom of a kiss!

Mons, the home of the guardian saint of the British army, is the theater every year of the famous Lumecon display which ends the procession of Ste. Waudru. At midday to the tolling of the great bell, otherwise heard only as a war alarm, St. George gives battle to the dragon. After a deadly combat, the dragon, according to rite, crashes down in the dust, shot through the nostrils, and the devils are chastised by the brave followers of the victorious knight. Before entering the lists the fabled "beast" flays the crowd with mighty blows of his tail. The people of Mons believe that a blow from the tail brings

good luck. What matter if it hurts!

On occasion both municipal officials and clergy take part in the festivities, and frequently our ancient customs put them to uncouth tests. Each year a procession leaves Grammont and goes to the Oudenberg. Prayers are said in public, after which loaves and fishes are distributed to the crowd, and the burgomaster offers the priest a silver loving cup filled with white wine in which tiny minnows are swimming. A wry face, a grave gulp and the career of a little fish ends in the pastoral stomach. And so it goes till every notable and every minnow has faced the same ordeal. At nightfall huge bonfires upon the surrounding hillsides light up the countryside. 'Tis said that these customs date back to the worship of Ceres.

"Three Entwined Ladies." The story of the warlike virtues and tragic deaths of the "three entwined ladies" is another jewel of Meuse folklore. In 1554 Bouvignes is furiously attacked by the king of France. The town is taken, but the valiant citadel of Crevecoeur still holds out. Assault after assault is repulsed. Alas, the defenders are now a bare hundred, including old men, women and children, then fifty, then ten—at last three young and beautiful women. "The Ladies of Crevecoeur" still hold out desperately. They are about to be taken. Rather than serve at a king's feast, they climb to the topmost ramparts and entwining their arms throw themselves into the Meuse, forevermore the gentle guardian of their womanly honor. Until this day the stream continues to weave its liquid blue shroud over their white bodies.

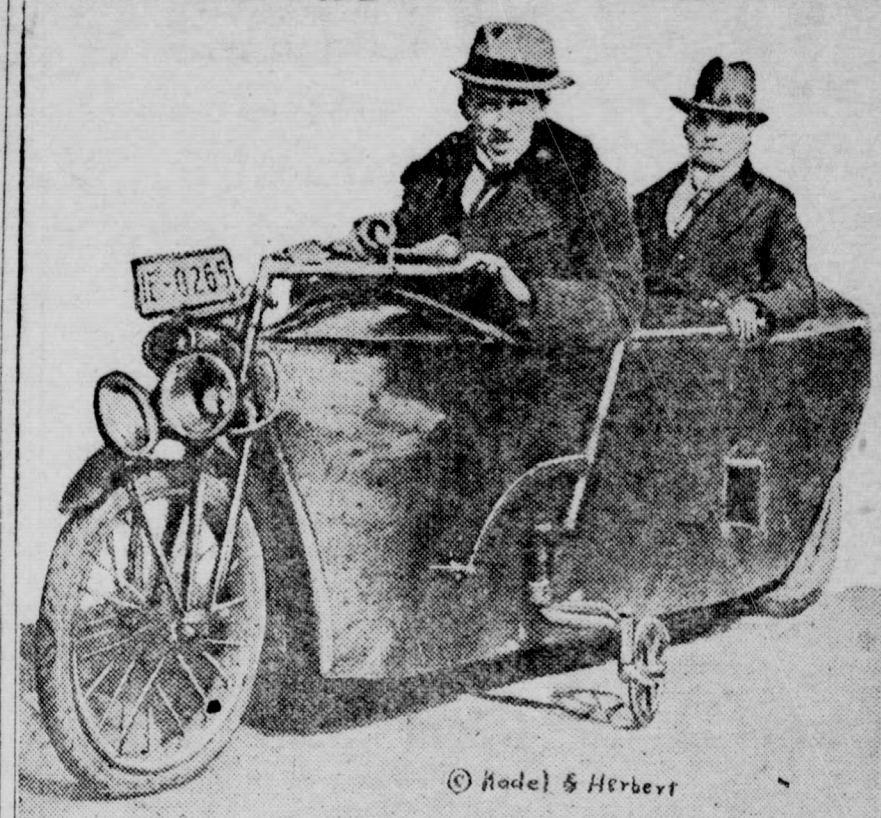
Doubtless the folklore of Flanders differs from the Walloon traditions and customs. The latter are light and gay, the former rich in color and full of quaint beliefs. The Flemish ceremonies begin by prayer and the solemn warnings of priests who thunder from their pulpits—"Hell, mind ye, opens beneath the feet of blond maidens who trip the merry dance; beware for misfortune will surely visit the stable and weigh upon the head of the brawny yeoman too easily tempted by foaming beer and the smiles of women." But the last words of the priestly warning have scarce died away before the festive board creaks beneath the good things of this earth, and ardent youth feels that it lives. As evening falls on the gay Sundays of August, ribald songs and old-time dances end these village fetes worthy of a Rubens or a Teniers.

WHITTLING OUT OF FASHION

Decline of Ancient and Honorable Pastime So Marked as to Have Been Noted.

Come to think of it, there is some truth in the statement that whittling is a lazy or tired man's pastime, is going out of existence. A storekeeper says: "I used to set a box out in front of the store for the boys to set on, and the next day they'd be nothin' left of the box 'ceptin' a lot of whittlin's littered like around the sidewalk. But now a box will last just about all summer. . . . No, whittlin' ain't what it were!" At a railway station the agent remarked that whereas a waiting-room bench had a shorter life in the older days "than a two-bit harmonica," the present benches in the men's waiting room over which he had jurisdiction had lasted well on to 18 months. And at post office, blacksmith shop, livery stable and elsewhere the crowd no longer amuses itself with knife and soft wood. Perhaps men are too busy. The storekeeper referred to above has another theory. He says: "They're too cussed lazy today to whet their jack knives."—Exchange.

NEWEST TYPE OF TWO-PASSENGER MOTOR



The latest type of motor car for two passengers is equipped with small wheels on each side that enable it to stand still. When ready to drive the wheels fold up to the side.

HINTS FOR CARE OF SPARK PLUGS

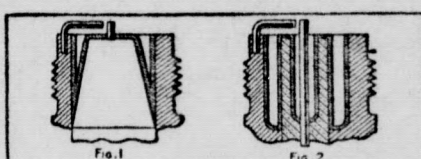
Autoist Knows His Engine Is Out of Tune When There Is Failure to Fire.

DIRT IS CAUSE OF TROUBLE

Carburetor May Be Out of Adjustment, Giving Too Rich a Mixture, or There May Be Too Much Oil in the Cylinders.

The failure of a spark plug is one of the most frequent troubles with the automobile engine, hence the autoist should know what to do when this occurs. When the spark plug misses, or fails to fire, the engine is out of tune or balance. This condition is instantly noticed by the irregular vibration set up in the car, and by the loss of power. Generally the trouble is caused by the plug becoming short-circuited through the collection of carbon on the porcelain of the plug. This is termed soot or dirt, and is caused by several conditions. The carburetor may be out of adjustment, giving too rich a mixture, or there may be too much oil in the cylinder. These possible causes should be looked into if the trouble is chronic.

If the plug is found to have a black coating clean it thoroughly so that the porcelain is white, and the points quite clean. It will make cleaning



Typical Sections of Spark Plugs, Showing How Carbon Collects on Surface, Causing a Short Circuit.

easier if the plug is soaked in wood alcohol. Then take a sharp-pointed tool, a knife answering very well, wrap a piece of rag around it, and scrape the plug all over, getting down into the recesses.

There are various types of plugs, the most common being the porcelain, shown in Fig. 1. The inclosed type of plug will fire longer without the need of cleaning, but it is hard to clean, as it has to be taken apart. When a plug is taken apart, great care must be taken to see that the porcelain is not broken, and when reassembling it, all the joints must be made gas-tight. Fig. 2 shows another type of plug, the possibility of short-circuiting by carbon deposit being indicated.

The modern plug is so made that it will not come apart, and, while it is a little harder to clean the individual parts when they cannot be handled separately, it is not so much trouble in the long run, as it is hard to put the other type together again properly. The insulator of a plug sometimes cracks, and even though it be but a minute crack, it must be thrown away, as the carbon seeps in quickly, and the plug will not fire.

When buying new plugs be sure to get the type that is made for the particular engine to be fitted. In addition to the numerous special plugs, there are two sizes of hexagons in use, one seven-eighths inch across flats, and the other 1 1/4 inches across. It is annoying to find that the spark-plug wrench will not fit the new plug intended for use, especially so when one cannot get at the plug to turn it with an adjustable wrench. It is a good plan for the autoist to carry an extra set of spark plugs, so that in case of failure on the road the bad one may be replaced without the necessity of cleaning plugs until the return to the garage is made.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

HOW TO DRIVE

The Halifax Automobile association has prepared a series of instructions in the name of the safety first movement. The instructions are sent to all members of the association. Most interesting are the following:
"Drive as if the other driver was a born idiot."
"Drive as if all children and most pedestrians were bent on suicide beneath your wheels."
"Drive as if every hill had a cavern at the bottom."
"Drive as if every curve was a highwayman, a Bengal tiger, and a stone wall."

AVOID SMEAR ON MUDGUARDS

Heavy Piece of Cloth or Other Suitable Material Will Give Ample Protection.

It is easy to scratch and smear the front mudguards with grease when doing work on the engine, and the motorist would do well to follow the example of the best garages in protecting these at times, of engine repair. Secure a heavy piece of cloth or other suitable material—oil cloth or imitation leather—large enough to completely cover the fender from tip to the point where it attaches to the running board. Throw this protective cover over the mudguard when making repairs or adjustments under the hood and you will keep the enamel in much better condition.

GLASS SPARK PLUG CLEANER

Comparatively Easy Matter to Make Effective Device—Carbon Removed in Jig Time.

It is comparatively easy to make an effective spark plug cleaner, as follows: Get a piece of glass tubing about three inches long. In each end place a cork and bore each cork to take the threaded bushing of a spark plug. Fill the tube with sand and gasoline, insert the spark plugs and shake the device briskly. The sand and gasoline will clean out the carbon in jig time.

AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP

A warm engine takes less fuel than a cold one.

The brake mechanism seldom gets the lubrication it deserves.

Clean off carbon with a cloth dipped in gasoline or a brush may be used.

When it is absolutely necessary to run on a flat tire keep the tire in soft dirt if possible.

Don't blow your horn in an attempt to hurry a herd of cows off the road. It can't be done.

Excessive play in the main shaft of the gearset may cause the gear shifter lever to be forced out of position.

The addition of a little pure flake graphite to the lubricating oil is a help to motors that have seen some wear.

A storage battery will run down quickly if the terminals occasionally touch the cover of the steel retaining box.

Small bright metal objects, such as screws, may be blued by the simple process of placing them on a piece of sheet metal and holding over a fire until the parts being treated have assumed the desired color.

One of the most useful methods of conserving the life of the springs is to cover them with boots of leather or imitation.

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

THE KITCHEN CABINET

All the beauty born of light
At nature's proud command
Abides anear with sovereign might
In common things at hand.
It is no far-off visioned trance
For spirits high and lone,
But dwells within the constant glance
The common eye may own.
—Mary Flanagan.

FOOD FOR ANY DAY.

A salad which is nourishing enough to furnish the main dish at a luncheon is prepared as follows:



Veal Salad.—Cut one cupful of veal into dice, add three-fourths of a cupful of diced cooked carrots, one-fourth cupful of finely cut celery, one tablespoonful of minced onion, salt and paprika to taste. Mix all the ingredients, add a boiled dressing to moisten, arrange on lettuce and drop a spoonful of mayonnaise on each salad and serve. Peas or other vegetable leftovers may be used instead of carrots.

Seasoned Spaghetti.—Cook three cloves of garlic in four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, add one cupful of dried mushrooms that have been soaked in water until soft, add the water and mushrooms to the garlic with four tablespoonfuls of butter or any sweet fat. Add two cupfuls of stewed veal, two cupfuls of tomatoes, a bay leaf, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for two hours, stirring occasionally. Cook one and one-half cupfuls of spaghetti in salted water until tender, drain and blanch. Put a layer of spaghetti in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of meat and gravy; continue until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Where maple syrup is plentiful, it may be used in various ways to save the scarce as well as expensive sugar. A little maple syrup poured over grapefruit is delicious. Many, however, prefer a little salt on grapefruit and find it more appetizing than sugar. This is a good point for those who are reducing in weight.

Green Peas.—Cook in an uncovered saucepan in just as little water as possible, using a pinch of soda and a teaspoonful of sugar to a quart of peas. Serve with the liquor from the peas, adding cream or butter or both. A sprig of mint is added to the peas by some cooks, removing it before serving.

Great Mother Woods, stretch forth your arms to me.

For I have come again with falling fire,
My only strength the urge of my desire.
A patient for your tonic greenery;
Your roots are deep in wisdom as the sea,
And yours a singing soul of wind-tossed mirth,
To heal me as you healed the scars of earth.

With kiss of moss and tenderness of tree
—Amanda Benjamina Hall.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR BREAKFAST.

Fresh fruit in season is always a welcome breakfast dish. Cherries served very cold with the stems or garnished with the natural leaves make a most pleasing fruit.



Currants in cracked ice with plenty of sugar are delicious. The fruit should be very ripe. When other fruit cannot be obtained there is always the wholesome dried fruit—prunes, figs, dates, apricots and pears. These when well cooked are especially healthful eaten in combination with cooked cereal.

A fried egg to be cooked so that it will be digestible should be dropped into a well-greased frying pan, adding a tablespoonful of hot water, then cover and steam in the pan.

Ham Omelette.—Prepare an omelette as usual and just before folding spread with a cupful of finely minced ham. Less may be used for a small omelette. Place in the oven for a few minutes to finish cooking.

Eggs in Peppers.—Cut a thin slice from the stem end of a green pepper and take out the seeds. Cut a slice from the smaller end so that the pepper will stand level and place on a slice of buttered toast. Make a hollow in the toast and break an egg into each. Bake until the eggs are set.

Codfish a la Mode.—Flake one cupful of codfish very fine, soak in cold water. Mix two cupfuls of mashed potatoes with two cupfuls of top milk or thin cream, add two well-beaten eggs. Season to taste, mix well and pile into a well-greased baking dish. Bake 25 minutes. If it does not brown, brush the top with melted butter the last five minutes of cooking.

Maple Custard.—Take three-fourths of a cupful of maple syrup, three cupfuls of milk, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, a pinch of salt. Cook the custard and pour

over one-half a peach placed in small molds. Chill, unmold and serve.

Beau-gard Eggs on Toast.—Cook five eggs until hard; drop into cold water and remove the shells. Cut and separate the whites and yolks; press the yolks through a sieve and chop the whites very fine. Have ready five squares of toasted bread, placed on a platter. Prepare a rich white sauce, season well and add the chopped whites; place piping hot on the buttered toast, sprinkle with the yolks, salt and pepper, and over all a sprinkling of finely minced parsley.

There comes the morning with a golden basket in her right hand, bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the ocean of rest.—R. Tagore.

APPETIZING DISHES.

Take just plain cottage cheese, add cream, salt and paprika to taste, then a few finely minced chives and half a green pepper shredded, serve plain or on lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise as a salad. Another delicious cottage cheese dish is this: Prepare the cheese with cream, then serve with currant or raspberry jam. Strawberry preserves as well as cherries are delicious with cottage cheese, taking the place of the more expensive bar le due currants which are such a luxury.

Tongue and Spinach Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of cooked spinach, one cupful of diced cold boiled tongue, half a cupful of minced celery, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix with enough boiled dressing to moisten and pack in small molds. Chill and turn out on lettuce and serve with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Coconut Custard Pie.—Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly with half a cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one cupful of grated coconut and two cupfuls of milk. Pour into a pastry-lined pie plate and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cover the pie and put back to brown lightly.

Asparagus Eggs.—Make a sauce of three tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook together until smooth, add three cupfuls of milk, one-third of a cupful of cheese and one and one-half cupfuls of asparagus tips. When very hot add six eggs unbroken and allow the eggs to set. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Creamed Ham on Toast.—Take one cupful of chopped ham; add to a cream sauce, made by using two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and one cupful of rich milk. Melt the butter, add the flour and when well mixed add the milk; cook until smooth, then add the ham and pour over well-buttered toast.

I feel the earth move sunward;
I join the great march onward,
And take with joy white living
My freehold of thanksgiving.

EGGS IN MANY FORMS.

Eggs are well liked, usually easy to procure and always in the market.

Eggs are food which may be given to sick or well, young and old, and served in such a variety of ways that one need never tire of them.

Scrambled Eggs.—Brown a small leek, cut in thin slices in a little butter or butter substitute. Break four eggs into a bowl, with four tablespoonfuls of cream, four tablespoonfuls of water, or stock, and a teaspoonful of butter; beat for a few minutes until thoroughly mixed; turn into the cooked leek and stir until the eggs are a jellylike consistency.

Poached Eggs With Tomato Sauce.—Where eggs are served at a meal for the main dish this method is a good one: Put half a can of strained tomatoes in a saucepan; add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of celery. Cover and simmer gently for five minutes, then strain again; add two tablespoonfuls of butter to two of flour and rub to a smooth paste. Stir constantly until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Cover a platter with slices of bread, nicely toasted. Poach the eggs, slip them on top of the toast and pour around them the tomato sauce, sprinkled with finely minced parsley.

Eggs for Sandwich Filling.—Take as many hard cooked eggs as are needed for the number of sandwiches, chop fine and rub to a smooth paste with a little butter and a half teaspoonful of anchovy paste; salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Spread on slices of buttered bread with a crisp spray of watercress; cover with buttered slices and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

Sash of Today Lends Variety

The sash is the thing. This fashion decreed earlier in the season. Every body seemingly is charmed with the idea. It has been many seasons, writes a prominent fashion correspondent, since there has been a big vogue for the old-fashioned ribbon sash. It seems like a return to the good old days of white muslin frocks with blue or pink ribbon sashes, except that the sash of today is much more elaborate than any we have ever had.

A white frock with a dainty ribbon sash has always been a type of dress infinitely gratifying to the men of one's family, no doubt because a woman looks sweet and dainty in such a dress. It is said that we women

facturers are excelling themselves to meet the demand for lovely sashes. Among the clever things they have made are those ribbons which match fabrics, such as printed georgette crepe, foulards and even cotton voiles and gauzes.

Then comes an almost endless series of lame or metal brocaded ribbons in marvelous colors and patterns. Likewise a whole big family of crepe or waxed ribbons in both plain and fancy effects. Other novelties include ribbons of straw, which, absurd as it may seem, are used as trimming on dresses.

A charming dress is developed in taffeta, plain and fancy, with a big taffeta sash at one side balancing a pannier drapery at the other. The skirt is of a lovely gray with printed figures in which the dominant note is jade green, with a liberal interspersing of gold and silver lame threads. The bodice, reminiscent of the old-fashioned basque, is of jade green taffeta and ribbon of the same shade. It has kimono sleeves and the back is cut in a deep point like the front. The ribbon sash is lined with the brocaded taffeta.

Perfect Dress for Young Girl.

A real old-timer that has come back into the limelight of fashion is the sweet little white frock with a sash of blue ribbon—a perfect dress for a young girl. The dress, of organdie, is in low blousing chemise style and is girdled with a sash of Nattier blue. The organdie is heavily embroidered in white, with a delicate outline tracing in black threads and a shadowy cross-hatched background, like the mesh of fillet lace, in blue. The ribbon sash has a somewhat bold pivot edge of alternating black and white loops. A study of artistic simplicity in both color and line is seen in this frock.

These embroideries, with touches of black, are favorites of Mme. Lanvin. The same model is copied with a scarlet sash and a delicate tracing of scarlet threads back of the embroidery. In these colors it is especially suitable for a dark-haired girl of Spanish type.

For all its subtle beauty, there is a great deal that is practical in this model. Variations of it may be made by any woman who can sew at all.

A number of things could be substituted for this elaborate hand embroidery. In the first place, the entire dress might be made of one of the machine-embroidered voiles or organdies. Especially beautiful ones have been created this year, and so fine is the workmanship that it is difficult to distinguish it from hand embroidery. Or a cotton crepe or voile, printed in beautiful colors, could be used and sashed in a contrasting or harmonizing color.

Fresh Interest in Black and White.

There is a cotton crepe, having a white background marked off with little bars of gold, that would be effective. It may be sashed with white voile or plain white crepe, finished with rows of hemstitching done in yellow threads. Again, such a sash would be pretty finished at the ends with either a white or yellow fringe of cotton threads.

Typifying the interest in black and white are the new organdie dresses with heavy embroideries in black, usually ranging in panel form, falling over foundation skirts of organdie with white embroidery; the black and white often being of similar design.

A huge sash of black tulle with looped bows completes such a dress and stamps it as being distinctly of the summer of 1920. These white organdie dresses are very short—11 or 12 inches from the floor—and one end of the tulle sash hangs several inches below the hem.



Frock Having Skirt of Gray Taffeta With Brocade Figures of Jade Green Interspersed With Gold and Silver Threads, and Bodice and Sash of Green Taffeta.

wear complicated and elaborate costumes to impress other women, not to please men.

The sash alone gives all the needed variety and novelty to the midsummer dress. Nothing is more charming than a dainty organdie, batiste or cotton voile made in simple chemise or blousing bodice style girdled low with a wide ribbon sash.

What could be more novel than a plain georgette crepe dress with a lovely big sash of printed georgette, the ground of the ribbon exactly matching the material of the dress? This has the advantage, too, of being one of the smartest styles of the moment.

Sashes Form Sort of Bustle.

Foulard dresses with huge sash bows made from foulard ribbon printed in characteristic designs are equally smart. There are also lovely striped taffeta dresses with big sashes forming a sort of bustle or balancing a one-side hip extension made from a ribbon exactly matching the silk.

As for the wide plain ribbons, the lovely soft taffetas, the wonderful satins and the glistening moires all come in for attention. Ribbon manu-

Panel Motifs of Printed Foulards

Another means of introducing black into white organdie frocks is through a black tulle insertion, often embroidered in delicate colors. Ruffles of black lace frequently trim white organdie.

There is nothing newer than the printed foulard sash. The dress has a one-side crossing surplice bodice and a straight plaited skirt. Into the latter are set panel motifs of printed foulard. The main feature, however, is the big printed sash of a pattern exactly matching the skirt panels.

Bear in mind that the sash is not made from a piece of the silk, but is actual ribbon, about sixteen inches wide, finished with a ribbon edge, thus replacing the custom of using a sash made of the fabric, cut and hemmed. The ribbon, which is woven for this purpose and of exactly the right width for such a sash, is the result of careful study on the part of the producer of novelties and shows evidence of a real effort to give us something attractive and new.

A dress of georgette crepe, with a sash and deep yoke of printed geor-

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

OVER 1,000 BOY SCOUT CAMPS

This is the biggest "camping out" year in the history of the Boy Scouts of America. There are now almost 300 organized first-class scout camps in the United States and its territories, and enough separate troop camps to swell the number to a little more than 1,000.

By organized first-class camps is meant permanent camps under expert camp directors, each for groups of scout troops and ranging in size from accommodations for three or four troops up to the largest boys' camp in the world, the great Bear Mountain boy scouts camp in Palisades Interstate park, which is filled to overflowing all summer long, and partly filled in wintertime, by the troops of greater New York and of northern New Jersey. There are tents, cots and mess facilities there for 2,200 scouts at one time, with log-cabins for the winter.

Birmingham (Ala.) reports a scout reservation of 106 acres of wooded hills, which has been divided into 40-foot lots, each of which is assigned to a scout troop. The boys cut their logs and build their own cabins, of which twelve or more have been completed, some of them quite elaborate structures. These cabins are used for week-end and over-night hikes as well as for the longer summer outings. It is an all-the-year-round camping place.

Buffalo scouts have a fifty-acre camp site fifty miles from the city and are planning to have a number of "hike cabins" within four or five miles from



TIES THAT BIND IN SCOUTING.

Familiar Scene in Camp—Correct Tying of a Great Variety of Knots Is Compulsory Even for the Tenderfoot.

the city, which can be used for week-end purposes.

Joliet (Ill.) council has a cabin and a house built on a lot of about five acres a few miles out from town, and also a permanent camp site thirty miles away. They also contemplate the establishment of still another camp on Lake Michigan, 200 miles away.

SCOUTS' EMERGENCY SERVICE.

How boy scouts hold themselves ready to render a service where intelligence and promptness are needed is illustrated by the following note from Scout Executive A. A. Jæmeson of Atlanta, Ga.:

"Miss Anne Morgan was in Atlanta recently in connection with her work for devastated France. She desired to show a certain movie film at Macon. She phoned scout headquarters and asked if we could provide a scout to go to Washington, D. C., secure the film and deliver it to her in Macon in time for a showing there. We selected Scout Barton Ford, and he left on an hour's notice, making close connections on the entire trip and arriving in Macon on schedule time. He was in Washington only from 1 o'clock at night till 7:30 in the morning, so he did not get to see much of the capital."

SCOUT PREPAREDNESS PRAYER.

O God of all humanity, grant to us as Boy Scouts the constant vision of great service. And grant us energy to learn our work—to be prepared.

Give us this day not only the joy of its good turns, but the practice in service, in thoughtfulness and forethought, in decision, and in sacrifice.

So bring us with warmed hearts trained minds and fit bodies to that great unknown hour of emergency for which we as scouts are pledged to "be prepared."—Scouting

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE ELVES' TRIP.

"Let's take a trip," said Fly-High, the bird of the Elves.

"By all means," the Elves answered. "Let us just take a trip through the beautiful world," said Fly-High. "I've seen so many lovely things lately that I would like all the Elves to see, too. And it might be nice if we invited some of the fairies and the brownies to come along, too, and some of your other friends. I feel as though I could carry so many people and, too, many of the brownies and fairies could bring along their magic wings and caps so that they could fly from place to place and jump from place to place quickly."

"We'll tell everyone we're going to take a trip," said the Elves. "It's a fine suggestion, Fly-High."

"Just say," Fly-High explained, "that it is to be a trip of beauty. We're going to see so many beautiful things and not any one special thing."

"We'll do that," said the Elves. The very same morning they started, for the Breeze Brothers helped carry the messages about and many of the friends of the Elves came on the trip that Fly-High had suggested they should take.

They started off and as they went along Fly-High would turn around and explain what everything was in case some of them didn't notice and, as he said, they were going to see so many things and each of them so worth seeing, that he would make sure no one missed a thing.

First they flew into a garden where white feathery valerian flowers were sending their fragrant messages of love and happiness all through the garden. Next they went along a railway track.

"You will wonder why I am bringing you along here," said Fly-High, "for it seems so ugly. But in a moment you will see."

And soon they came upon some lovely columbines, of many different colors which made the whole of the dull, dingy looking railway look gorgeous and brilliant and beautiful.

"Lovely, eh?" said Fly-High, "and where you would least expect beauty, too. And now we will take a short



Along the Banks.

cut down into a creek known as Red creek where in the autumn all the flowers and all the bushes and all the berries and the shrubs and the trees seem to blend together into a lovely autumnal red color.

"Now we can see along the banks on either side so many beautiful ferns, and in the rippling creek over the rocks and the stones the sun will play and dance so that we will see the jewels he can make at a moment's notice with the aid of his partners, the Sun Fairies.

"And now that we have seen that we will fly up the side of the second hill beyond where there is a cave, from the top of which we can get a view of a large lake lying below, all blue and shimmering and bright.

"There are ferns all along the path leading up to the cave and we must look at them, for they are so beautiful. Sometimes under the cool rocks snakes are having naps, but we do not mind them. Not one would harm us! They are not of the harmful kind."

So they went along and saw all the lovely ferns and flowers in passing and from the top of the cave they saw the lake below, all blue and shining and dancing with the sun's rays. Above there was a perfect fluffy white cloud.

"Now we will go down to the water's edge," said Fly-High, "and we will see Pirate Springs, where the water runs down over the rocks through moss and through low evergreen roots, right to the lake below."

They saw children barefooted wandering along by the edge of the water, paddling in the cool lake from time to time and playing with the reddish water weeds growing in the lake.

There, too, was a birch tree and a pine tree standing side by side. They were bending over the lake and talking to the water and telling it secrets of the air.

There were pink morning glories which were growing wild, and a Mr. and Mrs. Snipe with their long tails and their long beaks were dancing about on the shore, waving their tails back and forth.

For a long and beautiful trip did they go and everyone told Fly-High how much they loved going from spot to spot and seeing how many beautiful things there were to see and to enjoy. And they were all glad to be prepared.

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GAS COMPANY PETITIONS

Asking a readjustment of its charges for natural gas sold to industrial consumers only, in what is known as its Eastern division, comprising Orange County, Whittier, Pomona and Monrovia districts, the Southern Counties Gas company has filed an application with the State Railroad Commission.

The Gas company states in its petition to the Railroad Commission that its present industrial rates were established several years ago, and were based solely upon the value of the service to the consumer, as measured by the cost of competitive fuels, and not upon the basis of the cost of service.

According to the application the Gas company is faced with the necessity of financing certain betterments to its transmission and distributing systems in the eastern district, which are essential if the company is to continue rendering service to its present consumers, same must be completed prior to the winter peak season of 1920-1921. The estimated cost of these necessary betterments, in addition to amounts expended to date, is \$122,000.

Since the industrial consumers comprise but a fraction of the total body of consumers in this division of the company's system, it becomes readily apparent that the proposed readjustment of the industrial rates will have little or no effect on the consumers as a whole.

BALLOON SCHOOL BONDS

An income of half a million dollars a year to the county will be assured permanently if the voters act favorably on the Arcadia Balloon School bond issue, Aug. 31, according to a statement prepared by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

The bond issue will be for approximately \$95,000, which is about what the school is worth financially to the county every two months. It has resulted in an expenditure of \$1,600,000 since its establishment and if made permanent by the voters will disburse \$500,000 annually. These funds are sent into the county by the government and are expended in pay to men and officers, supplies, etc.

To avoid any confusion in the minds of voters, the separate ballot for voting the bond issue will be titled as follows:

"Shall the County of Los Angeles incur a bonded indebtedness in the sum of \$95,000 for the purpose of acquiring land situated near Arcadia, County of Los Angeles, a part of which is now being used as a balloon school, to be conveyed to the United States government for the use of the War Department thereof."

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations are urging voters to make certain of casting a ballot in favor of the school, as a two-thirds majority is required to carry the bonds.

NEWSPAPER MAN IS CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE

Judge Harlan G. Palmer, one of the justices of the Los Angeles township court and publisher of the Hollywood Citizen, Friday announced his candidacy for the Superior Court, entering the primaries for nomination to the short term position, the only Superior court judgeship to which no incumbent is seeking election.

Judge Palmer has been one of the Los Angeles justices for the past five years and seeks the promotion by the people to the higher position on the strength of character, ability and principles he has displayed in that position. "If the recommendations of those citizens interested in the best in government and familiar with my services will not bring the election," said Judge Palmer, "then I do not want it."

Judge Palmer has been active in various civic organizations of Los Angeles, was president of the Southern California Editorial association for three years, had charge of the Los Angeles City club's membership campaign, increasing its membership from 300 to 2,000 and securing its present quarters, and is active in the affairs of the Los Angeles Advertising club in its activities for "truth in advertising."

John King, editor of the Hemet News and president of the Southern

WITH THE CHURCHES

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129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
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9:45 A. M.—Sunday School; Mr. George B. Morgridge, superintendent.
Adult Bible class, Mr. C. Tiebout.
11:00 A. M.—Morning Service; Subject, "The Secret of Optimism."
7:30 P. M.—Evening Service, Subject, "The Efficient Life."
6:30 p.m. Sunday, Christian Endeavor Society, Open to all. Miss Muriel Tarr, president.

7:30 p. m. each Wednesday, mid-week service with special address by the pastor.

8:00 p. m. each Thursday, (at parsonage) "Teachers' Club" for study of the Scriptures and Social Fellowship.

Everybody cordially invited to attend all services.

BETHANY

Services at the Woman's Club house
Dr. W. H. Rawlings, Pastor.

9:45 a. m. Bible School. Adult Bible class conducted by Mr. Francis D. R. Moote.

11:00 a.m. Morning service.

7:00 p.m. Prayer meeting

7:30 p.m. Evening service,

6:30 p. m. (Sun.) Senior Young People's meeting.

7:30 p. m. (Wed.) Prayer Meeting.

2:30 p.m. Thursday, Bible class at Mrs. M. O. Downs' on Victoria Lane.

Rev. Foster of the Bible Institute filled the pulpit last Sunday both morning and evening.

The children's meeting on Sunday afternoons will be discontinued for the summer.

The church building is progressing nicely.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector Sunday Services.

8:00 A. M.—Holy Communion.

11:00 A. M.—Morning Prayer.

During July and August the Sunday school services and Evening Prayer will be omitted.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Services of Christian Science society of Sierra Madre are held in the Kindergarten building, West Highland avenue.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.

11:00 a. m. Morning Service.

Subject Aug. 1, "Love."

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

THEOSOPHY

The children's class in Theosophy, held at 162 E. Central avenue, will be closed for the summer months.

OPEN AIR GOSPEL MEETING

Each Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the arbor, in rear of the home of J. D. Tucker, 111 Suffolk avenue. Comfortable seats, sound preaching, all free. Come along and bring your friends.

California Editorial association, says of him: "Judge Palmer is not only esteemed a good lawyer of a fine judicial turn of mind, but he is in every way representative of the highest type of citizenship. He stands for that which all good citizens everywhere should stand for, and he has been a power in the newspaper and political life of this part of the state."

NOT SIERRA MADRE STYLE

A young man in Wyoming drove miles alone before he discovered that his sweetheart had fallen out of the buggy. Love making in that state must lack something of the ardor that characterizes it around here.

NOT APPRECIATED

A French painter has destroyed all his pictures because people did not seem to show much enthusiasm over them. This is the self-sacrificing spirit we would like to see inculcated in the spring poet.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin. Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11 to 12:30. Phone Main 70.
Pasadena Office, 461 E. Colorado. Phone, Colo. 630.
Residence, 415 Oak Lawn, So. Pasadena, Colo. 584.

R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central. Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 10:30 to 11:30 by appointment. Phone Main 53 or Green 57.
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